

THE DIAL

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A UNIVERSITY INAUGURAL.

The installation of a new president in one of our universities is getting to be an imposing function. It is attended by much pomp and circumstance, by a gathering of the clans and the guilds from near and far, by the presence of distinguished guests, and by many other forms of the parade that makes for publicity at least, although it does not always make for clearness of vision or sobriety of educational temper. We are not sure that we would advise a newly-elected university president, in imitation of the legendary story of Jefferson's inauguration, to ride unattended across the campus, hitch his horse to a post, mount an improvised platform, and speak his piece without further ceremony. But we are also by no means sure that the newer fashion is altogether commendable, or that its display of fuss and feathers is the surest way of impressing the public with a sense of the importance of the higher education. Education itself should not be made a spectacle, and the lavish employment of spectacular methods should be avoided in presenting its claims for public consideration. They will be found more likely to encourage the unwholesome modern tendencies in educational work than to strengthen the nobler ideals that are our precious heritage from the past, and that we are in no little danger of forgetting.

If we were to compare a dozen American inaugural addresses of the modern type with the same number selected from those of fifty years ago, we should not fail to notice many striking differences in spirit and declared purpose. The men themselves would be found so different that it would be easy enough to understand why the manner of their discourse should present so marked a contrast between the old and the new. The clerical and philosophical type of president that was almost universal in the days of our fathers has been replaced by a composite type of which the most prominent characteristics are those of the skilled administrator, the successful man of affairs, the worker

in applied science, and sometimes, unfortunately, the time-serving politician. The change is not all for the better. It is apt to connote a suggestion of demagogic appeal, a readiness to make terms with the mammon of unrighteousness, a foolish emphasis upon "efficiency" in the commercial sense, a menace to the full freedom of intellectual activity, and, in general, a lapse from the standards of unworldliness that should make the university a Palladium of the soul, sending "from its lone fastness high upon our life a ruling effluence," and warning us, when we most need such admonition, that material gain and the realization of vulgar ambition are not the real objects of life.

A study of recent university inaugurals would reveal a considerable variety of styles. There is the breezy style, suggestive of the journalistic habit and the mental attitude of the man of the world. There is the heart-to-heart style, seeming to take the public into its full confidence. There is the optimistic style, persuaded that all is now for the best in education, and that the future will be even better than the present. There is the magniloquent style, swaying its hearers with florid rhetoric and vaguely enticing prospects. There is the statistical style, with its impressive array of facts and figures, taking for granted that numbers and endowments are about the only things that really matter in a university. And there is the style of ill concealed arrogance, expressing the personality of the man who frankly thinks of his colleagues as subordinates, and who will ride rough-shod over their rights as men and their freedom as educators whenever his masterful instincts prompt him so to do. None of these styles, except the last, is to be utterly condemned, for each of them has its own peculiar effectiveness, but they all somehow miss the dignity, the high seriousness and the intellectual distinction of the old-time utterances upon inaugural occasions. We live in an age which holds the academic quality in flippant esteem, and its maintenance is difficult, even with the best of will, in the academic world.

In refreshing contrast to many inaugurals of recent years, that of President Vincent of the University of Minnesota keeps ever in view the permanent ideals of education. These ideals have shifting manifestations, and they need from time to time to be re-voiced to accord with the mental habit of the new generation. If the temper and the spirit are kept firm, much latitude is permissible in the expressive form of the message. Mr. Vincent's message has both lightness of touch and reflective weight, and is adorned

by the words of many of the wise who have lived before. Its keynotes are institutional solidarity based upon mutual consideration and cordial coöperation in a common cause, and social service based upon a broad understanding of the many new possibilities of usefulness that hardly came within the ken of the older university. He thinks of the institution as "an instrument of the general purpose, a training place of social servants, a counsellor of the commonwealth, a source of knowledge and idealism." This shifting of the emphasis from individual culture to social usefulness is natural in a professional sociologist like Mr. Vincent, and we can have no quarrel with it, because it means no change in the fundamental ideal of education. Individual culture has never been urged by its apostles (however mistakenly this may have been supposed) as the final cause of education. Such a contention would be as self-evidently futile as that of art for art's sake. But it has been posited, all the way from Goethe to Arnold, as the necessary condition of general progress. Enrich your own life has been the precept, not for yourself alone, but that your example and your influence may enrich other lives as well. Those who have followed the first part of the precept, and ignored its corollary, have been recreant to the cause for which all the great apostles of culture have stood.

"If a people is not to perish mentally and spiritually, it must be steadily refreshed by streams of thought and idealism. Of these, the university strives to be a perennial source." Under the leadership of a man who thus sincerely conceives its function, the University of Minnesota may well take heart anew. Its face is set toward a goal which, though far-off, is no marsh-fire illusion, but a steadfast beacon. It accepts Newman's principle that the "training of the intellect which is best for the individual himself, best enables him to discharge his duties to society." And its aim is no lower than is indicated in Newman's noble words:

"That perfection of the intellect, which is the result of education, and its *beau idéal*, to be imparted to individuals in their respective measures, is the clear, calm, accurate vision and comprehension of all things, as far as the finite mind can embrace them, each in its place, and with its own characteristics upon it. It is almost prophetic from its knowledge of history,—it is almost heart-searching from its knowledge of human nature, it has almost supernatural charity from its freedom from littleness and prejudice,—it has almost the repose of faith, because nothing can startle it; it has almost the beauty and harmony of heavenly contemplation, so intimate is it with the eternal order of things and the music of the spheres."

THE FIGHT FOR FREE RAW MATERIALS IN LITERATURE.

The world is always pleading with Genius to be peaceful and proper. "Don't write those strong, strange, horrid things you delight in," it says. "Do something pretty and pleasing, and I will take you on my lap and feed you with sugar-plums." "But I must write masterpieces," answers the Genius. "If you do I will knock you on the head!" screams the World. "Knock and be hanged!" says the Genius. And so masterpieces come to be written, and so the Genius joins the

"Many proud ghosts of heroes who add to the train of
Aides,
Their bodies a booty to dogs or a prey to the ominous
vultures."

Generation after generation, year after year, the same storm of protest is evoked by any work which deals with the primal passions, the great crimes, the naked realities, or the evil-working potencies of life. But the strange thing is that what shocks one age is accepted with calm complacency by the next. Mrs. Grundy is only concerned with present violations of her code. Paris shuts its prudish ears to Molière's "School for Wives," but in a few years it is read in the schools for students of literature. "If I had been God, and known that 'The Robbers' would be written, I should not have created the world," said a German prince, of Schiller's play, which is now considered good for boys. The author of "Jane Eyre" was told that she was a woman who had forfeited the companionship of her sex; but "Jane Eyre" is to-day a book for women. Even so daring an innovator as Rossetti said of "Wuthering Heights" that its scene was laid in hell, but apparently people in that locality bore English names. The best critical opinion to-day calls the work a tragic masterpiece, the greatest book ever written by a woman. Not only time, but distance, seems to do away with the offence of force, the flavor of impropriety. American audiences listen calmly to plays of German or Italian authors, when they would ostracize a native writer for similar work.

Wherever power and beauty exist, there, it is safe to say, the makers of literature will always be gathered. Power is principally to be found in the extreme exhibitions of good and evil, but most in evil, for good is too characterless for delineation: light cannot be realized except by contrasts of darkness. Beauty has both a spiritual side and a physical side; we cannot ignore either without throwing things out of balance. Great artists usually work from the turbid to the clear, from the sensuous to the spiritual. The horrors, the tumultuous energies of life, the delights of the senses, the charm of existence, impress them first; afterwards come tranquillity and service of the spirit.

In part, the objection to such themes springs from a radical misconception of the relations of imaginative literature — pure literature — to life. A great deal of what for lack of any other word we call "literature" is didactic. It is concerned with the

training of character, the guidance of conduct. Through it, religion, law, order, and custom speak to man. Its business is instruction, restraint. It preaches the mortification of the flesh, the subjection of desires. Imaginative literature does not exist to make us good, but to make us intelligent, — in the vernacular, to "put us wise" as to the happenings of humanity, most of which would never come within the scope of our experience; it exists to delight and broaden and elevate our minds by reproducing and expressing life — all life. There is no reason why it should not be permeated and saturated by the principles of religion and law. Generally it is. But though morality may be its theme, it cannot be its object. Literature has just as much right to rebel against religions, laws, moralities, as to enforce them. "One good custom may corrupt a world." Like Hamlet and Laertes, good and evil are continually changing foils. God does not fear truth.

In one sense, then, we take imaginative literature too seriously when we would transfer to it the province of the pulpit or the law court. It doesn't deal with us in that way. In another sense, we do not take seriously enough its potent magic, we do not realize the greatness of that cloud-life which rises from the ruins of real existence, which lives on immortally while the generations decay. The concern of didactic literature is with ethics, conduct; the concern of imaginative literature is with ontology, being. The greater includes the less. In this country there has been a good deal too much coddling of character and far too few free adventures of the intellect.

Literature which deals with the relations of the sexes, the temptations of the flesh, is the great stumbling-block to prudes of both sexes. They can tolerate the literary presentation of all the other actions, vices, crimes, temptations of humanity, but they cannot endure the visualizing of this passion. How do the master poets of the world answer to their protests? Love, legal or illicit, is the predominant theme of their works. Homer bases his *Iliad* on the infidelity of Helen. He defers to her beauty, says that her act was the act of the Goddess, and lets it go at that. Calypso in her grot, Circe on her island, are the first of the great temptresses of man. The greatest of the ancient tragedies, the "Agamemnon" and the "Oedipus," are tales of adultery and incest. Virgil paints most vividly the *liaison* of Aeneas and Dido. Tasso's garden of Armida, Spenser's garden of Acrasia, Milton's garden of Eden, are furnished with nude figures painted in the most glowing and alluring colors. These are perhaps three of the purest-minded of poets. It would almost seem that richness of hue and grace of line in the treatment of the nude are tests of an author's high-mindedness. Tennyson is as sensuous as anyone in his "Merlin and Vivien." Wagner has Kundry and her flower-girls. Shakespeare bares the very throbbing heart of sense in the love scenes of "Romeo and Juliet." Marlowe, Fletcher, Ford, Dryden, even Pope, Burns, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Goethe, Hugo, Musset, — in fact,

everyone who has written greatly, — has written frankly and freely of that passion where flesh is transfigured into spirit and spirit transformed into flesh.

There is a vast difference in the way men and women regard the literary presentation of sex subjects. To women, love is a mystery, something to be kept holy and secret. Her curiosity about it may be as great as man's, but she wants the matter wrapped up in sentiment, in delicate innuendo, in reserves more dangerous, perhaps, than blunt dealing. Woman is probably responsible, more than man, for the thousands of novels, plays, poems, which treat the "theme of three"—wife, husband, and lover. Man is the fantast and philosopher. He can be more ethereal and imaginative in his desires and emotions than woman, but the ironic earth-spirit moves in him and makes him turn the matter into unholy merriment. His persuasion of the cheat of life makes him strike at the processes of life itself. His spirit, indignant at not finding perfection in the one relation which seems to promise it, takes revenge in ridicule. Hence arises a vast literature of railery against women, an orgy of humor about the functions of sex. Hence the bestialities of Aristophanes, Juvenal's frightful libels on women, Rabelais' overflowing animality, Shakespeare's invective and descents into the grossest realism, Goethe's sardonic irony, Burns's frank indecencies. Often this kind of writing is about the profoundest thing in literature. At times, at least, it makes both the lofty idealisms and the common-sense proprieties of the world seem like hollow shams. It is a sort of skeleton at the feast, a thing at once for mirth and shuddering. But literature cannot spare such revelations. A literature without such reminders of the rent the soul must pay for its tenure of the body would be a literature in the air; it would be a dish lacking in salt and savor.

Plato excluded the mischievous poets from his Republic; the Spartans, in fact, extruded them from their community. It is possible that some State may again try this experiment, but it is quite certain that its condition under such a reign of Fact will be worse than it was before. It will be a dull and gloomy tyranny. Not only will much of the joy and hope which goes to ease the burden of life be banished, but morals themselves will deteriorate. The play of imagination is the safety-valve of the passions. If you debar men from indulging in mimic passions, they will plunge all the more readily into real ones.

Readers of sense know very well how to discriminate. They are furnished with feelers, antennæ, by which they can separate what is practical from the divine make-believe of literature. They are not going to commit murder because they can thrill with the spectacle of Macbeth's guilt. They are not going to filch purses because they can enjoy the humor of Fallstaff's exploit at Gadshill. They are not going to bolt with the first pleasing person of the other sex, because Cleopatra or Camille is dear to them. They accept imaginative literature as a vicarious ex-

perience, which enlarges their minds, deepens their emotions, makes them contemporaries of all times, citizens of all places. They are willing to allow to the artist the utmost liberty of his materials if he can only make something of them.

There are two statues in existence one of which represents the Muse urging the horse Pegasus on, while the other shows her holding him back. This is no bad allegory of the imaginative and didactic forces of literature in relation to life. The main business of the former is certainly excitement. Its province is to make men realize that they are alive and that they have wings. Unfortunately with us in America, the restraining hand is most in evidence. The direction of our literature has been largely undertaken by pedants and pedagogues who itch to use on mankind generally the ferules they are forbidden to apply to boys. CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE MANDARIN DISEASE, the itch for honors and titles, in the intellectual no less than in the civil and political world, may yet be cured among us if other college and university presidents follow the example of Columbia's head in censuring this mania for badges rather than for the things they are supposed to stand for. "During the last twenty-five years," says President Butler in his current annual report, "there has developed among the colleges and schools of the United States a deplorable form of educational snobbery, which insists that a candidate for appointment to a teaching position shall have gained the privilege of writing the letters Ph.D. after his name," while, as a matter of fact, "few persons are less well equipped to make good college and secondary school teachers than the most recent possessors of the degree of doctor of philosophy." Here might pertinently be quoted many passages from the late Professor James's article on "The Ph.D. Octopus," first printed in "The Harvard Monthly" and now included in his just-published posthumous volume, "Memories and Studies." For example: "To interfere with the free development of talent, to obstruct the natural play of supply and demand in the teaching profession, to foster academic snobbery by the prestige of certain privileged institutions, to transfer accredited value from essential manhood to an outward badge, to blight hopes and promote invidious sentiments, to divert the attention of aspiring youth from direct dealings with truth to the passing of examinations,—such consequences, if they exist, ought surely to be regarded as drawbacks to the system, and an enlightened public consciousness ought to be keenly alive to the importance of reducing their amount." In a later utterance, an address on "The College-Bred," also contained in the above-named volume, the same thought finds expression in different form: "To have spent one's youth at college, in contact with the choice and rare and precious, and yet still to be

a blind prig or vulgarian, unable to scent out human excellence or to divine it amid its accidents, to know it only when ticketed and labelled and forced on us by others, this indeed should be accounted the very calamity and shipwreck of a higher education." Probably it is only with the wisdom, and the sadness, of some degree of maturity, that a man learns that he is only beginning really to live when he ceases to prize the rewards of success, either his own or another's.

MR. PULITZER'S PLAN FOR MAKING JOURNALISTS, by richly endowing a school for their education, appears to work itself out with some difficulty. Conferences are now in progress at Columbia University, of which the proposed school is intended to be a branch, to determine upon its organization and curriculum. But progress appears to be slow. Journalism, in its larger aspects, has a width and a vagueness of range that make it much harder to lay out a definite and satisfactory course of study than is true in such callings as civil engineering, for instance, or medicine, or law. Politics, art, literature, economics, public health, everything, in short, of general interest, and many things of special interest, find a place in the journals of to-day. A lifelong course in general information and in reading the best books, supplemented by the necessary instruction in certain practical details, seems not too comprehensive a curriculum for the thorough journalist, who at the same time should be able to write without too wide a departure from the best models. It is little wonder that Mr. Pulitzer provided for the withholding of one-half his stipulated benefaction until the school should have proved a success in the opinion of competent judges. It may be well to add here an outline of the curriculum sketched by the founder himself in his will: The principles of law, as it pertains to journalism; literature, with special reference to the literature of politics; the study of truth and accuracy, and the art of being able to find facts when they are required, rather than cramming a student full of them in school; history, with reference to the rise and fall of nations, and the making and breaking of great public institutions; economics; modern languages to such an extent as to give a newspaper man access to literature in other than his native tongue; the ethics of journalism, for above all other qualifications in a journalist the testator valued "moral sense, courage, and integrity."

AN ETYMOLOGIST'S BIRTHDAY served him recently as an occasion for making some prognostications on the future of the language whose past he has so zealously studied. The Rev. Walter W. Skeat, author of the widely and favorably known "Etymological Dictionary," was interviewed on the seventy-sixth anniversary of his birth, and said — or is said to have said — among other things, that certain cockneyisms now in vogue are likely to become eventually the established usage, and that the careful speaker of some future generation may be expected to say "lydy" for "lady," however much we may now shudder at

such a prospect. "It is East Anglian English," he asserted, "which sets the fashion throughout the country. But it is a law of nature that language must change, and after all 'lydy' is not more offensive to a cultivated ear in the present day than the word 'dame,' as educated people pronounce it, would have been in that of Chaucer." Nevertheless, if "lydy" ever really becomes the accepted pronunciation in England, we shall begin to see ample cause and excuse for the formation of an "American language" in good earnest, and for a declaration of linguistic independence of the mother country. Dr. Skeat indulged further in some interesting personal reminiscences. He recalled his four years' curacy at East Durham, which was followed by a two years' service in a like capacity at Godalming. Then ensued illness and enforced idleness, after which he returned to Cambridge and was made lecturer on mathematics at Christ's College. And when, a little later, Dr. Furnivall founded the Early English Text Society, Dr. Skeat began to edit early texts for him. Thirty years were spent in preparing "Piers Plowman" — unremunerative work, certainly, but luckily the learned editor was not then, and is not now, under the necessity of earning his bread and cheese, as he expressed it.

THE PUBLIC CLAMOR FOR NEW BOOKS threatens to deafen the librarian of any public library in a community not hopelessly somnolent in its habits. In the current report of the Galesburg (Illinois) Public Library, lament is made over the insufficiency of the annual appropriation for new books and the consequent impairment of the library's usefulness. "The experience of other libraries has been the same," continues Miss Hoover, "for reports show that a reduction in the purchase of books is invariably followed by a decrease in the use of the library." Dr. Mark Hopkins on one occasion expressed his astonishment at the rate of growth noted by him in the library of the college with which his name is so inseparably associated. "Why," he exclaimed, "there are hundreds of old books here that I have never read, and still you are buying new ones every month!" The old books, or a small fraction of them, have their use and their enduring vitality; but the interpretation of the life we are now living demands a never-ceasing addition to the store of existing literature. Hence the call for a new book from nineteen readers, with only the twentieth one content to receive a time-worn and time-tested classic.

THE RE-BIRTH OF NEW YORK'S STATE LIBRARY, the rising of this phoenix from its ashes of last March, must necessarily be a slow process; but a liberal legislative appropriation has made possible the vigorous prosecution of the work of obtaining new collections to replace as far as possible the old, and of providing an adequate fire-proof building for their early reception. A circular sent out by the Library makes the safe assertion that "it would be too much to expect to make the New York State Library greater than

all other libraries in all particulars. Though it will have some books on most subjects, it cannot undertake to collect all the books or even all the important books on *all* subjects." The constituency of the Library tends under modern methods to become as wide as the State, or even wider; and the range of its material must be no narrow one. Especial attention, however, will be given to the following ten classes: general reference books, law, medicine, history, education, social science, technology and engineering, science, manuscripts, government documents. Tenders are invited from all who have books to offer that are within the scope of the proposed collections. Further particulars may be obtained from the librarian, Mr. J. I. Wyer, Jr. . . .

MISLEADING BOOK-TITLES, like Ruskin's "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds," and many another in his list of works, are sufficiently common, and sufficiently vexatious to the library cataloguer, who can hardly spend time to read a volume through in order to determine its proper classification. Recently some glaring instances were reported from the British Museum by Dr. C. K. Fortescue, keeper of printed books in that institution. He says it is no uncommon thing for the author of a plain and unpretending book about Sussex to christen it with some such name as "The Glittering Glades of Grassland." A certain treatise on natural history is disguised under the title "Music of the Wild," and a work named "Light for the Blind" turns out to be an appeal in behalf of African missions. "Earl Percy's Dinner Table" sounds like the title of a historical novel, or of a raucous collection of anecdotes and witty conversation; whereas it designates a sober history of the American Revolution. The number of misleading book-titles familiar to library workers, and to omnivorous readers, is not small. A list of some length could be drawn up without any great difficulty. . . .

A NEW SERIES OF WAR PAPERS BY GENERAL MORRIS SCHAFF, to be entitled "The Death of the Confederacy," announced by the "Atlantic Monthly" for next year, is a matter for congratulation. General Schaff's former series, "The Spirit of Old West Point" and "The Battle of the Wilderness," won for him perhaps as solid a literary reputation as has been gained by any American in the past few years. And though the word "solid" as applied to literary work too often denotes the conventional or the stodgy, this is certainly not the case with General Schaff's productions. History more flushed with emotion, more aerated with imagination, has seldom been written. His "Dream March to the Wilderness," in "The Atlantic" for last May, is worthy of the best days of that magazine. . . .

THE BUSINESS OF MYTH-SMASHING carries some merited odium with it. To pull down is easier than to build up, but the facile downpuller has ever felt an exultant sense of superiority to the laborious up-builder. Among recent destructive criticisms of time-honored legends have been the highly unnecessary and irrelevant demonstration of the baselessness of

the story of John Gilpin's exciting ride, and the all but sacrilegious contradiction of the accepted account of Captain John Parker's exhortation to his Minute Men to stand their ground on Lexington Common. More recently still a literal-minded clergyman of Plymouth is said to have found proof to convince him, and with which he has tried to convince others, that Miles Standish did not send John Alden to propose in his name to the Puritan maiden Priscilla, and that consequently she could not have made the arch reply attributed to her. Such iconoclasm as this has its charms, as all know who have engaged in it even to a slight extent. . . .

THE ENDOWED PRINTING HOUSE, non-commercial in its aims, and devoted to the publication of scholarly and deserving works that must otherwise fail to see the light, has yet to establish itself among us an educational agency comparable with the endowed or free library, the endowed college or university, the endowed lecture course, or the (still in the experimental stage) endowed theatre. The Harvard "Crimson" makes an appeal for an endowed Harvard University Press that shall do for American scholarship what similar presses at Oxford and Cambridge have long been doing for English letters and learning. Such an establishment would, as the writer estimates, cost something like one hundred thousand dollars to build and to equip for handling works not confined to our own language; and at least an equal sum would be needed as an endowment. Not a few of our universities have special funds for the publishing of certain serials or studies, and occasionally some sort of printing establishment under their control, but nothing of the sort that can compare with the Oxford University Press. . . .

HELLENIC STUDIES AT OXFORD will not quite yet be abandoned in favor of aeronautic engineering or other scientific or vocational courses. By a vote of five hundred and ninety-five to three hundred and sixty, the Oxonians have defeated a movement to exempt from Greek all students in mathematics and the sciences. This was not, it is true, a proposal to banish Greek entirely, but it was felt to be a step in that direction, and the conservatives rallied strongly to oppose the radicals. Educational ideals must needs change as the centuries wax and wane, but Oxford is wisely determined to be not the first by whom the new is tried, nor yet the last to lay the old aside. . . .

HAUPTMANN IN JAPANESE not long ago held the boards at the Teikoku-za, in Tokyo, and drew a large audience. The Jiyu Gekijo, or Liberal Theatre Association, presented the play, "Lonely Lives," which proved a severe test of the translator's powers, and was made further difficult of adequate production by the assumption of women's parts by men. Apparently the introduction of the actress in Japan, hailed as a sign of progress some time ago, has not proceeded far. Other plays of the western world were announced as in preparation at the same theatre, notably "A Doll's House," "Othello," and a part of

"The Merchant of Venice." Still other translations of European plays are being prepared, and the Tokyo theatre-goers seem likely to have their fill of the exotic drama, which should tend to encourage a higher grade of performance in the native dramatists.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE IRISH THEATRE SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

As one phase of the general movement for the uplift of the drama in America, many of your readers are no doubt interested in the remarkable achievements of the organization known as the Irish Players, in several Eastern cities this season. This brilliant company, accompanied by the two moving spirits of the Irish National Theatre Society, Lady Gregory and Mr. William Butler Yeats, has visited Boston and Washington, and is now playing in New York. The Society was founded seven years ago, primarily to further the Irish literary movement. The plays were in many cases written to meet the need for them, and the players—for there were then no Irish actors—were trained to give the plays. The first company, of unpaid amateurs, was recruited from the working people of Dublin; they worked by day and rehearsed and acted at night, for love of "the art of the theatre." Thus, out of love for Ireland and a belief in the dramatic value of Irish poetry and Irish thought, grew the Irish Theatre Society. That it has called into being Lady Gregory's charming comedies, is much to its credit; that it encouraged and has worthily produced Mr. Synge's masterpieces, is more. When the English censor forbade the performance of Mr. Shaw's "Shewing up of Blanco Posnet," the Abbey Theatre presented it with triumphant success. The Society has had its troubles. There were riots in Dublin over Mr. Synge's "Playboy." The Boston woman who, wearied by the quiet realism of Mr. Boyle's "Building Fund," exclaimed disgustedly, when the curtain rose on the last act, "I thought at least they'd have a wake!" is a type of the great unappreciative public who see nothing impressive in the simple plays which the Irish actors perform so simply and convincingly. But interest in the movement has grown steadily, and with it a taste for sincere and original drama and sincere and quiet acting. More pretentious experimenters in the work of dramatic uplifting well stand amazed at what has been done in Dublin with a very limited expenditure, by a disinterested artistic management, and a company of splendid achievements and of high ideals.

E. K. D.

Rutland, Vt., December 5, 1911.

LITERATURE AND THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I have read with full appreciation the article on Dogberry at the Custom House, in your issue of November 16. The attitude of the Government of the United States toward the interests of the publishers, the men who are doing their share in behalf of the higher education of the country, is not in line with the progress of civilization.

Under the provisions of the Copyright law, the American publishers are prevented from controlling the market, which in form has been assigned to them,

and have simply the privilege of competing in this market with trans-Atlantic publishers.

Under the tariff provisions, the cost of all of the articles required for the production of books is kept high as proportioned to the prices paid for similar materials by trans-Atlantic competitors, and the consequent difference in the selling price of American editions—or at least of a portion of such editions—is then assigned as a ground for the admission, irrespective of copyright conditions, of the trans-Atlantic editions of American copyrighted books. Such a decision is arrived at by joint committee of the two Houses, composed in majority of protectionists, who are themselves responsible for the policy that makes books dearer than they ought to be. In the instance which served as the text for your admirable article, the publishers who undertake to supply the market with imported editions are treated as malefactors, and are subjected, under arbitrary and unannounced changes in the interpretation of the confused provisions of the statute, not only to the payment of excessive duties—duties which must stand largely in the way of the sale of the books in question and of future importations of similar books—but to the risk of penalties on the top of those duties. These penalties were to be imposed because these wicked publishers, having been importing under one interpretation of the law for a long series of years, had not been able to foresee the mental attitude of some later Dogberry in the Treasury Department or in the office of the Appraisers who might decide to change the method. There is not another country in the world that treats the interests of literature in so mediæval a fashion.

GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM.

New York, December 7, 1911.

THE UNFORTUNATES AMONG COLLEGE PROFESSORS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

May I venture my word of commendation of your recent article on "Pensions and the Learned Professions," especially the observation that "In the administrator's heaven there is more joy over one sinner who is thwarted than there is grief over the lost opportunities of ninety-and-nine righteous persons who need no thwarting." There is much truth in this. A professor may have reached or exceeded the required age, and may have fulfilled the requisite number of years of professorial service; but if he happen to have lost his chair, even through no fault of his own, he is met at the door of the Pension Trustees' office with the unwelcome greeting, "I know not whence you come. Depart into the outer courts, where you may cool your heels *ad libitum*." It may be that there are so many of these unfortunates that to admit them would "swamp" the Fund; but we are informed that Mr. Carnegie, in the goodness of his heart, has made such addition to his various Funds that the amount received by the Pension Fund may enable the Trustees to widen the terms of admission to its benefits. Wherein do these "unfortunates" differ from the more blessed ones who have been so fortunate as to retain their chairs until they have fulfilled the terms imposed by the Trustees, which appear to be like the laws of the Medes and Persians?

All poor professors are grateful to Mr. Carnegie for his liberality in establishing such a Fund, but I respectfully submit that the terms might be made more liberal on which the benefits are dispensed.

ONE OF THE UNFORTUNATES.

December 8, 1911.

The New Books.

THE STORY OF A GREAT SOUL.*

"I hear it often said by my friends," wrote Ruskin in an unpublished preface for one of his later books, "that my writings are transparent, so that I may myself be clearly seen through them. They are so, and what is seen of me through them is clearly seen; yet I know no other author of candour who has given so partial, so disproportioned, so steadily reserved a view of his personality." Whatever of paradox there might be in these words, they were written, of course, before the publication of "Præterita." Had that work been carried through to completion, Ruskin's statement could have been reversed, and we might truly say that no other author of candor had given us so complete, so symmetrical, so entirely frank a view of his personality. But the fiery intellect had burned itself out when "Præterita" was little more than half completed; and "that most heavenly book" (so Burne-Jones rightly called it) remains but a fragment of autobiography.

But those who would see Ruskin steadily and see him whole have not lacked for opportunity. In the twelve years since his death, there has been an avalanche of personal reminiscences and Ruskiniana of every conceivable sort,—the Bibliography in the Library Edition contains entry of over 1200 items. Chiefly, of course, there have been Mr. Collingwood's excellent "Life and Work of Ruskin" and "Ruskin Relics"; and Mr. Frederic Harrison's volume in the "English Men of Letters" series. And now Mr. E. T. Cook, fresh from his labors on the monumental Library Edition, puts forth in two large volumes of six hundred pages each what must be considered the definitive biography of Ruskin—the final authority on that endlessly interesting life. Of his capabilities for the task now completed, Mr. Cook gave preliminary proof in his collection of "Studies in Ruskin," published several years ago. He was one of that brilliant group of undergraduates at Oxford upon whom Ruskin cast his spell in the early seventies, and who became thenceforth his avowed disciples and intimate associates. As chief editor of the Library Edition, Mr. Cook has for several years past been going over every available scrap of Ruskin records—diaries, note-books, unpublished manuscript, etc.; and it is he who is responsible for the extended bio-

graphical and critical introductions which are so important a feature of the noble edition just referred to.

These introductions form the basis of the Life now published. Minor changes have necessarily been made, the arrangement is considerably altered, and new matter has been added; but in very considerable part Mr. Cook's "Life of John Ruskin" is a word-for-word reprint of the introductions prepared for the Library Edition. That this fact is not fairly stated in the author's Prefatory Note, gives occasion for the one word of censure to be found against the present work.

Ruskin's life was, as he himself said of it, "persistently literary." For all his European travels, and acquaintanceship with the great of his time, the life he led was in the main private and secluded. A biography of him must therefore, as Mr. Cook points out, "be the story of a soul,"—"the account, mainly, of a character, a temperament, an influence; and seldom, of events on the stage of public action." Ruskin himself believed that a principal function of biography was to reveal what is "beautiful or woeiful" in an individual soul. In Ruskin's life, the beautiful and the woeiful were abundantly and wondrously mixed; his path seemed, for the most part, a *via dolorosa* which yet led somehow along the borders of Fairyland. To trace that strange path, to analyze that complex character and many-sided intellect, to summarize the quality and influence of that life-work of colossal industry,—here was a task that might well appal the most skilful biographer. But Mr. Cook faces it all squarely, and comes off triumphant. On the biographical side, he makes liberal drafts upon unpublished material in the way of diaries, note-books, and letters, as well as upon "Præterita" and "Fors Clavigera," thus letting Ruskin in large measure tell his own story. The more original part of the work lies in Mr. Cook's detailed accounts of the character and fortune and influence of Ruskin's books. His aim has been always to illustrate the works by the life and the life by the works.

It was scarcely to be expected that Mr. Cook, or anyone else, could give us much in the way of actual fact regarding Ruskin's life that was not already known. The essential part of all that is known, however, he selects with invariable good judgment and presents in admirable form. In dealing with Ruskin's unfortunate marriage, he tells us much more than did Mr. Collingwood; yet there is not the slightest concession to the class of readers that consume Mr. Gribble's vulgar revelations. He recognizes

*THE LIFE OF JOHN RUSKIN. By E. T. Cook. In two volumes, with portraits. New York: The Macmillan Co.

fully (as fully, even, as did Ruskin himself) the faults and limitations of the master's character—the “dangerous and lonely pride,” the waywardness, the “tendency to absolutism, petulance, over-emphasis.” Such incidents as the quarrel with Rossetti and the misunderstanding with Gladstone are dealt with in a spirit of unimpeachable fairness. But Mr. Cook never confuses accidentals with essentials; for him, as for all who read his pages, it is the nobility and beauty and strength of Ruskin's character that overshadow all else. “He is not a man,” said Dr. John Brown, who knew him perhaps as intimately as any, “but a stray angel, who has singed his wings a little and tumbled into our sphere.”

There are three great divisions in all men's lives, Ruskin wrote in “*Fors Clavigera*,”—“the days of youth, of labour, and of death. Youth is properly the forming time—that in which a man makes himself, or is made, what he is for ever to be. Then comes the time of labour, when, having become the best he can be, he does the best he can do. Then the time of death, which, in happy lives is very short; but always a *time*. The ceasing to breathe is only the *end* of death.” Of Ruskin's own life this statement is peculiarly true. Mr. Cook's first volume deals with the period of youth—the period, that is, from Ruskin's birth, in 1819, to the completion of “*Modern Painters*,” in 1860. The years of childhood are covered so fully in “*Præterita*” that but a single chapter is given to them here. It was with that fateful gift, on his thirteenth birthday, of a copy of Rogers's “*Italy*,” with Turner's illustrations, that the career of Ruskin really begins. His work in life as an interpreter of Turner and of Nature was then decided for him; with that day began a quarter-century of “quiet investigation of beautiful things,” the chief or at least the most immediate result of which was “*Modern Painters*.” With the exception of a youthful love affair which came to nothing, his life during this period was continuously and blessedly happy. But for some time before the last volume of “*Modern Painters*” had appeared, a new spirit was dawning in Ruskin—a growing sense of the evil of the world, “the terrible call of human crime for resistance and of human misery for help.” With this cry ringing in his ears, the interpretation of art became a mockery. Abandoning all other plans, Ruskin set himself resolutely to attack the dragon. With the appearance of “*Unto This Last*” in 1860 (“the beginning of the days of reprobation,” he calls it) began Ruskin's true “time of

labour.” Thenceforth for him there was to be almost continuous warfare, and but little peace, until that decade of “the time of death” which closed at Brantwood in 1900. It is this period, from 1860 to the end, that is covered in Mr. Cook's second volume. Of the various transitions in Ruskin's life-work, the author gives us this excellent summary:

“Unpractical as he is commonly called, and as in the vulgar sense he certainly was, Ruskin was strongly possessed by the instinct and passion for practice. His desire was to do things, and to set others to doing them. Starting as a critic of painting, he had arrived at the conclusion that art, to be really fine, must be the representation of beautiful realities and be pursued in a spirit of delight. Proceeding as a critic of architecture, he had found this art to be the reflection of national character, and the secret of good Gothic to consist in the happy life of the workman. Turning next to the study of economics, he saw, in a society ordered on the principles of unregulated competition, and in an age given over to mechanical and material ideas, the negation of conditions favourable to happy art. The final step was, to one of his ardent temperament, clear and simple. He was not content to live in a world of the imagination; he strove to realise the conditions of the good and beautiful in the actual world—to build the Tabernacle of God among men. It was not that he wanted to be a social reformer, or that he felt himself in any way peculiarly qualified for the part. His Prophetic work was not of choice, but of necessity. It was a payment of ransom. ‘I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that I like . . . because of the misery that I know of.’ He had to clear himself ‘from all sense of responsibility for this material distress, by doing what he could to point a way to the cure of it. His work in this kind was begun, he tells us, ‘as a byework to quiet my conscience, that I might be happy in what I supposed to be my own proper life of art-teaching.’”

One of the most interesting chapters of the present *Life* is that entitled “In a Literary Workshop,” describing Ruskin's methods of composition, his relations with printers and engravers, and similar matters. “As one who has lived behind the scenes, as it were, of Ruskin's pageant of style,” and who “has been admitted to all the secrets of his literary workshop,” Mr. Cook speaks here with particular authority. There is much quotable material in this chapter, but we prefer to give this characteristic picture of Ruskin in one of the later Oxford lecture courses:

“I recall another effective piece of what may be called the lecturer's stage-play. Ruskin was expatiating, as was his wont, on the vandalism of the modern world. On an easel beside him was a water-colour drawing of Leicester by Turner. ‘The old stone bridge is picturesque,’ he said, ‘is n't it? But of course you want something more “imposing” nowadays. So you shall have it.’ And taking his paint-box and brush he rapidly sketched in on the glass what is known in modern specifications as a ‘handsome iron structure.’ ‘Then,’ he continued, ‘you will want, of course, some tall factory chimneys,

and I will give them to you galore.' Which he proceeded to do in like fashion. 'The blue sky of heaven was pretty, but you cannot have everything, you know.' And he painted clouds of black smoke over Turner's sky. 'Your "improvements," he went on, 'are marvellous "triumphs of modern industry," I know; but somehow they do not seem to produce nobler men and women, and no modern town is complete, you will admit, without a gaol and a lunatic asylum to crown it. So here they are for you.' By which time not an inch of the Turner drawing was left visible under the 'improvements' painted upon the glass. 'But for my part,' said Ruskin, taking his sponge, and with one pass of the hand wiping away those modern improvements against which he had inveighed in so many printed volumes — 'for my part, I prefer the old.'

There is a certain saying, much current in the *dilettante* world at present, to the effect that "we have got past Ruskin now." On this point let us have the evidence of Mr. Cook, speaking in his capacity as Ruskin bibliographer:

"The very period which is said to mark the eclipse of Ruskin's authority as a writer upon art and nature has been the period which has witnessed the greatest extension of the vogue of his books on those subjects. I will not dwell upon the great flood of cheap reprints in the English language, which during recent years have made Ruskin an author for the many, instead of an author for the few. This, it may be said, is merely a case of the vulgar entering upon a field which superior persons have abandoned. But there is another feature in the Bibliography of Ruskin which is significant. Since the days when he laid down his pen, he has ceased to be only an English author, and has become a world-author. Many of his books, and especially his books upon art, have been translated into French, German, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, Hungarian. I am not aware that Ruskin has been translated into Russian, but Tolstoy's appreciation of him is well known. He regarded Ruskin as the greatest Englishman of his time. Ruskin's writings have been the subject also of essays or treatises in Belgium, in Holland, in Denmark, in Switzerland. And the foreign vogue of Ruskin has been greatest in the countries where æsthetic criticism is pursued with the greatest ardour. In Germany, Herr Engel may have set the fashion, for in his History of English Literature (1897) he commended Ruskin to German readers as 'the Englishman's Winckelmann and Lessing in one.' Ruskin has become a favourite theme for University dissertations in Germany; elaborate commentaries have been devoted to him; and on the occasion of his death, and in years immediately following it, his life and work attracted notice in German periodicals hardly less widespread than in England itself. 'In the last twenty years,' said Professor Sieper in a recent lecture in London, 'Ruskin and Morris more than any other Englishmen have influenced German thought.' In France it is much the same, and nowhere has Ruskin found more sympathetic or discerning criticism than is to be found in the abundant series of 'studies' which have appeared in Paris during recent years."

The simple truth is, of course, that we can never "get past Ruskin," were his so-called æsthetic and economic "heresies" a thousand times more heretical than they are. "Every

noble life," as he has himself told us, "leaves the fibre of it interwoven for ever in the work of the world; by so much, evermore, the strength of the human race has gained." However erroneous his artistic teaching may have been, Ruskin gave to the study of art an impetus and a vitality it had never known before, and of which true artists for generations to come will reap abundant benefits. And though in our broad human relations we still reject Ruskin's moral teaching, as indeed we reject that of Christ, most of the specific reforms which he was the first to suggest, and for which he so valiantly fought, have become the accepted commonplaces of to-day.

Mr. Cook's biography is indisputably the "book of the year," — to ardent disciples of Ruskin it is indeed the book of many years. Next to the earnest study of Ruskin's own writings, we could scarcely conceive of a more inspiring and beneficial discipline than to follow through Mr. Cook's pages the detailed life-story of this noblest and wisest spirit of his age. Carlyle and Emerson, Tennyson and Browning, and many another great intellect, were of that age, also; but Ruskin could truly have said with the apostle, "I laboured more abundantly than they all: yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me."

The two volumes are comely in all external details. Five portraits in photogravure and a facsimile page of Ruskin's MS. are included by way of illustration; while a full and well-prepared Index is a feature of no little importance. A few typographical errors might well be corrected in the next edition, — such, for example, as "to" for "the" on page 118, and "worldless" for "wordless" in the quotation from Cory's "Mimnermus in Church" on page 265 — both in the second volume.

WALDO R. BROWNE.

THE FOLK AND THE INDIVIDUAL AS POETS.*

Professor Gummere has become widely known for his substantial contributions to the early history of poetry: "The Anglo-Saxon Metaphor," his doctoral dissertation at Halle, 1881; "Germanic Origins," 1892; "Old English Ballads," 1894; "The Beginnings of Poetry," 1901; "The Popular Ballad," 1907 (reviewed in *THE DIAL* for September 16, 1907). In

* DEMOCRACY AND POETRY. By Francis B. Gummere. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

his latest volume, "Democracy and Poetry," we have the N. W. Harris Lectures delivered this year at Northwestern University.

It may be well to recall the main thesis of Professor Gummere's work of a decade since on the origins of poetry. He has there shown that poetry was in its origin a social creation, essentially communal. In its humble beginnings, consent and rhythm played important parts. The communal element at first existed to an almost exclusive degree; only "after long ages of alternating collective and individual forces, working within the social union, was the individual socially free to make himself master in a wholly social art." Thus there was a constant alternation of social-centripetal and individual-centrifugal impulses, amid which poetry steadily advanced. The surviving representative of communal forces is rhythm: "that consent of sympathy which is perhaps the noblest thing in all human life." It is for this reason that poetry, even in mediocrity, does more than prose at its best. For poetry is both tonic and opiate; and it owes its appeal to-day to the same elements that informed primitive poetry — the consent of rhythm and the power of human sympathy.

The present volume may be regarded as a sequel to the work mentioned. In the Harris Lectures, Professor Gummere deals with the communal origins of poetry and with the relation between democratic ideals and the life and vogue of poetry. The book is not easy reading; there is, for example, one paragraph of fifteen pages, and another of eleven; and such a thing as a topic-sentence is a positive rarity. We shall therefore do readers a service by giving some account of its course of thought.

In the opening chapter, dealing with the ideals and vitality of democracy, Professor Gummere notes the numerous defections from the ranks of supporters of democracy — Goethe, Burke, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Tennyson, Renan, Lowell, — and then asks what it is that they recanted. He finds it to be the literal absolute sovereignty of the people; that cause has failed. The long struggle for freedom has passed beyond its goal into license and abuse of power. The miscarriage of democracy is due, he thinks, to the influence of Rousseau. In consequence of that influence, the spirit of Montesquieu's democracy, where every man could say "My country," has yielded to a spirit in which every man says "My self." Yet there is no need for the believer in a new democratic social order to be discouraged; the cause has been not lost but merely checked.

In his second chapter, Mr. Gummere considers the reaction against democracy more at length. The constructive idea of free individuals combining in service and allegiance to an imagined state has not yet been tested by experience. On the other hand, in philosophy, science, history, literature, there has been a general recanting of the democratic idea. Events formerly explained as emanating from a confederacy of people or of natural forces are now explained as made up of individual initiative and a collective imitation. Science and history have turned monarchical, and explain all social processes on a monarchical basis. In general, history has been shorn of the democratic idea. The democratic movement, however, has left its impress on the science of poetry. It aroused a general desire to enlarge knowledge of mankind. "The People" got a new meaning. For Herder, who goes to the centre of things, the supreme ideal is justice; he dedicated his selection of folk-songs to the Unseen Powers of Righteousness and Justice. In poetic justice, the democratic ideal of the people found its best expression. In the theories and history of verse, however, the democratic idea was ruined by perversions and absurdities. Montesquieu and Voltaire, with their optimistic faith in the Thinker, give way to Anatole France, for whom thinking is the most dangerous of occupations. In the midst of this collapse, Whitman and Taine proclaimed the triumph of democracy in poetry. Were they real exponents of the central democratic idea?

The third chapter takes up these two men at some length. Whitman is plainly the democrat in poetry. Are his best works really poems? Professor Gummere thinks not. Whitman refused to keep step, was lawless. His poetic democracy, being purely destructive, cannot stand.

"He cannot be the poet of democracy in its highest ideal who rejects the democratic idea of submission to the highest social order, to the spirit of the laws, to that imagined community."

In this view of Whitman, many readers to-day will probably not concur. Yet we believe Mr. Gummere's prophecy a safe one. We would, however, raise this question: Has the race inherited the feeling for rhythm to such an extent that Whitman's indifference to this shall of itself consign him to oblivion? That much of Whitman's work will be forgotten, except to be occasionally rediscovered in a doctoral dissertation, we may well believe; but there are other reasons for what we think is a growing indifference to this poet of an outgrown democracy. Browning — with whom, it is interesting to note, Professor

Triggs has linked Whitman in a study of democracy in poetry—kept step, and indeed was one of our most skilful metrists; yet Browning's popularity has of late very perceptibly waned, and the centenary of his birth will, unless we are much mistaken, arouse far less interest than it would have done twenty years ago. Was there not in both Browning and Whitman a certain lack of artistic restraint, a certain failure to apprehend what is the true realm of poetry, which is a matter not only of rhythm but of atmosphere, of truly heightened feeling?

On the other hand, Taine, hater of political democracy as of unbridled license, is at the same time the most resolute and extreme representative of that democracy in science and in the theory of art that Whitman defied. He sought to explain poetry by convention, to ground the science of it on the community alone. The flaw in such a doctrine, the lecturer rightly points out, is its hostility to the contribution of individual initiative. The genius of the individual poet cannot be ignored.

In discussing "The Functional Origins of Poetry," Professor Gummere studies at some length (as a typical source) the social or communal pang of death. When the lament for the dead came to be recorded, it had two elements: the communal or choral and the personal. As the latter waxed, the former waned. In time, the expression of grief passed into a fourfold formula: the fact of death, the reminiscence, the questioning why, the appeal to come back. In showing how from these threnodic elements, through repetition, epic and narrative arose, Professor Gummere traverses ground already covered in "The Popular Ballad." It is possible that he carries somewhat too far the contrast between the centripetal or contracting and the centrifugal or expanding tendencies. The analogy of these two kinds of motion is suggestive, but, beyond a certain point, we think, misleading. As Professor Gummere himself says (page 202), almost from the outset the man who knew how—the artist—was heard gladly by the throng. Did not the individual constantly reinforce the throng, interpret the thought of the throng? Did not the aristocracy grow out of, instead of being sharply contrasted to, the democracy? Again, who are the throng, the commune? Are they not in a sense the picked men of the tribe, its best brains and hearts, its leaders? And after all, is the difference between the individual and the throng one of kind, or rather one of degree of enthusiasm or inspiration? If the supposition is right that the prophetic "I" of

Scripture is now and then communal, this may have its bearing on the doctrine of inspiration.

In "Democracy in Poetry," Mr. Gummere now undertakes to trace the democratic origins of poetry, returning to the old problem of how *das Volk dichtet*: of what part the folk has played in the beginnings of poetry. The essence of folk-song is feeling; that of the poetry of the individual is thought. Here again we hesitate to draw a line of sharp contrast; for where does feeling leave off and thought begin? Where does the "I" of songs like Deborah's cease to be communal, as Wellhausen thinks it was, and begin to be individual, as it sounds to us? The answer is not easy. That feeling, communally fostered, came first, however, no one will deny. "To primitive man the community was . . . the promise and potency of all social advance, his hope of progress, the refuge of his baffled individuality"; one may add, constantly less baffled as the race progressed.

In the last chapter, "Alma Poesis," our author undertakes to show how poetry has dealt with myth and religion, and how she fares to-day. Just as recorded literature is late, he would have us believe that the myths of literature are late. Primitive myths, he holds, are of communal origin; and thus, through mythology, religion itself traces its descent from the rhythms of swaying choral throngs. Less convincing is the author's treatment of comedy and tragedy. "In very broad generalization it may be said that the social group is the haunt of comedy, and that tragedy is the path of the solitary poet." This seems to us little less sweeping than Buecher's contention that tragedy is entirely foreign to early man. Was not the death of the boar-hunter, gored by the enraged animal, tragic to the throng that chanted the communal lament (such as is studied in Chapter IV.)? Following up his theory, Mr. Gummere is confronted by the fact that one hundred out of three hundred and five ballads are purely tragic, and is forced to conclude that *all* of these hundred are modern in matter while ancient in form. But is this conclusion necessary? It is not *only* the single life that is tragic. The tribe may have its tragedy, in the fall of the avalanche which wipes out a village, the fatal onslaught of wild beasts, the defeat and slaughter by a hostile tribe. It does not require the reflection of solitude to make these things tragic, for the personal lament (page 298) from the start blends with that of the throng.

With what Mr. Gummere has to say on the future of poetry we are in hearty accord. He dis-

plays a well-grounded and well-reasoned optimism. In quoting his closing words, let us say amen to the wish he expresses.

"This period of reaction has its poetry; but the mood and the art of it are not permanent. As romance not long ago leaped to life out of such a profound and death-like swoon, so the democratic note of enthusiasm and faith will sound again, when and how we cannot tell, but in its right season, and in the large utterance which hope always inspires. It is a pious wish that the poet who takes up that harp once more may be a democrat of this western world."

CLARK S. NORTHUP.

THE SPELL OF THE WILD.*

Mr. Enos Mills is becoming known as the Prophet of the Great Rocky Mountains,—using the word prophet in its proper sense of interpreter of the spirit. He proudly recognizes Mr. John Muir as in certain respects his master, and is following worthily in the footsteps of Mr. Muir and Mr. Burroughs, though with the difference that he is more strictly a mountaineer than either. His recent book, "The Spell of the Rockies," like his earlier "Wild Life on the Rockies," tells thrilling stories of his fearless life,—for he carries no arms in the wilds, meets electric storms on their own ground, scales mountain peaks in the dark if need be, and risks his life in a thousand ways in perfect confidence that Nature will take care of him.

One cannot help wondering what Wordsworth's Michael, whose mountain adventures are summed up in the words

"He had been alone
In the heart of many thousand mists,"

would have to say to a man who tells a tale of a run for life with an avalanche, ending thus:

"Battling breakers with a broken oar, or racing with a broken skee, are struggles of short duration. The slide did not slow down, and so closely did it crowd me that, through the crashing of trees as it struck them down, I could hear the rocks and splintered timbers in its mass grinding together and thudding against obstructions over which it swept. These sounds, and flying broken limbs, cried to me 'Faster!' and as I started to descend another steep moraine I threw away my staff and 'let go.' I simply flashed down the slope, dodged and rounded a cliff, turned awkwardly into Aspen Gulch, and tumbled head over heels—into safety. Then I picked myself up, to see the slide go by within twenty feet, with great broken trees sticking out of its side, and a snow-cloud dragging above."

*THE SPELL OF THE ROCKIES. By Enos A. Mills. With illustrations from photographs by the author. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

PEOPLE OF THE WILD. By F. St. Mars. Illustrated. New York: The Outing Publishing Co.

A WINDOW IN ARCADY. By Charles Francis Saunders. Illustrated. Philadelphia: The Biddle Press.

Or what has anyone to say to a man who in his desire to read a wind-metre on a mountain top goes through this experience?—

"On the last slope below the metre the wind simply played with me. I was overthrown, tripped, knocked down, blown explosively off my feet and dropped. Sometimes the wind dropped me heavily, but just as often it eased me down. I made no attempt to stand erect; most of the time this was impossible and at all times it was very dangerous. Now and then the wind rolled me as I lay resting upon a smooth place. Advancing was akin to swimming a whirlpool or to wrestling one's way up a slope despite the ceaseless opposition of a vigorous, tireless opponent.

"At last I crawled and climbed up to the buzzing cups of the metre. So swiftly were they rotating they formed a blurred circle, like a fast-revolving life-preserver. The metre showed that the wind was passing with a speed of from one hundred and sixty-five to one hundred and seventy miles an hour. The metre blew up—or, rather, flew to pieces, during a faster spurt."

There are calmer chapters in the book than these, however. Two are devoted to beavers, and their work as "conservationists" is so well described that every reader must echo Mr. Mills's wish that this "patient, persistent, faithful friend of man" might be protected. There is a good story of a tramp dog, another of two young grizzlies, a chapter on "Dr. Woodpecker, Tree Surgeon," and others on tree-seeds and insects. What is said about the Wealth of the Woods—the beneficence of forests in mastering high winds, moderating climate, holding moisture in their "fluffy little rugs" and thus creating deeper and steadier streams, and in holding and gathering the rich soil which is a nation's chief asset—is especially eloquent. So is what is said about the criminal waste of forests by unwise cutting, and by forest fires; and the author is apparently saved from invective against people who are greedy or careless only by the perfect "weathering" of his own disposition. What he suggests is this:

"A mad flat might itself remark, 'The thoughtless lumberman who caused my downfall is now in Congress urging river improvement,' and the shallow waters at the big bend could add, 'Our once deep channel was filled with soil from a fire-scourged mountain. The minister whose vacation fire caused this ruin is now a militant missionary among the heathen of Cherry-Blossom land.'"

Mr. Mills's book will be interesting to everyone; for boys it is ideal, for it combines the fascination of truth with the verve and dash of great adventure. It is well illustrated from photographs by the author. It makes one acquainted with a live, thorough-going out-door man whose "youthful dream was to scale peak after peak, and from the earthly spires to see the scenic world far below and far away," and

who has realized his dream. Best of all, it gives one confidence in Nature, through the confidence of a man who says of himself:

"Years of training had given me great physical endurance; and this, along with a peculiar mental attitude that Nature had developed in me from being alone in her wild places at all seasons, gave me a rare trust in her and an enthusiastic though unconscious confidence in the ultimate success of whatever I attempted to accomplish out of doors."

After such a book as Mr. Mills's, one dreads opening another, for fear it may prove a disappointment; but the first page of Mr. St. Mars's "People of the Wild" proves such a dread unfounded. And of all the subjects one would expect to find unlikely, he chooses for his first story the unlikeliest—namely, Magpies. But the wit with which the particular "Downy One" in question is hit off engages interest at once; and the nest-building and family-raising of this imp of mischief and his wife are most entertaining. The scene of these stories is England or (of most of them) northern Scotland. Mr. St. Mars knows what a difference this makes, for of his magpie he says:

"All birds live in the strictest sense of the word, but I have never known a bird so cram-full of life in all my days. He oozed life at every feather. There must have been enough electricity in his being to run a sixteen-candle-power electric light for twelve hours out of the twenty-four. 'Go' with him was the religion, and he gave every average Englishman who watched him for half an hour the jumps. He had no repose in his make-up. If he had lived in the U. S. A. he would have figured as the national emblem. In England he was not understood. In short, he was a 'live proposition.'"

Other stories tell how a bob-cat, the sole survivor of a wreck, terrorized a neighborhood of "wild people" for some weeks; how a great white owl from Russia, named "The White Nightmare," called forth all the wit of birds, weasels, and even roedeer, but was finally done to death by the grip of a pole-cat; how a wolverene escaped from a menagerie in which he had been dubbed "The Saint," and held all the good Scotch gamekeepers at bay for a winter; and how a "long dog" trained as a poacher set up business for himself and thrived on his cunning. The stories are wittily told—not brutally—and make for sympathy with all animal life. One of the best is about a raven, the Master Rogue, "whose beak was a coal-hammer, no less; his carriage the carriage of a swashbuckler, and in the eye—the cruel, insolently humorous eye—was the leer of evil, not without courage, made manifest." This avian Mephistopheles decoyed a collector into watching a dummy nest all summer, while he and his wife safely kept their real house a mile away.

A dainty book for comfortable fireside reading is Mr. Charles Francis Saunders's "A Window in Arcady." The observations are of field, meadow, stream, and woodland, taken through the year, beginning in January. Most of them were apparently made in Eastern Pennsylvania. The pathos of the dedication to the memory of the writer's wife, "who shared with him these Arcadian paths," does not intrude upon the book except to give it tenderness. There is much good sense in the volume, and much humor. "Most people who think themselves fond of nature," Mr. Saunders says, "yet make the mistake of keeping too much indoors when it rains. If you have mackintosh and rubbers you are weather-proof, and it is not meet that the ducks should put a man to shame." There is a broad view of the points at which growing things touch human life, and grey-haired readers will be glad to find reminiscences of elderberry-tea, wild-cherry tonic, and musk-roses. But most noticeable is the delicacy of perception which sees every shade of color and turn of leaf, and notes every passing fragrance. Even the flowers "that Julius Cæsar would have approved" because they are "such as sleep o' nights," are distinguished from those that stay awake. Very charming photographs amply illustrate the text.

MAY ESTELLE COOK.

MODERN VIEWS OF MARTIN LUTHER.*

Said Goethe to Eckermann: "For these twenty years the public has been fighting over the question as to which is the greater poet, Schiller or myself, when it ought to be thankful enough that it has such a pair of fellows to fight over." No invidious comparisons need to be set up between these simultaneous lives of Luther, for both are works of true distinction, highly honorable to American scholarship, adequately illustrated, with an almost identical grouping of matter in the chapters, and presenting a very satisfactory agreement in the main results—studies which may well fix the place of Luther for, say, the next thirty years, inasmuch as each generation demands a sympathetic but modern handling of so large a subject. Both of these splendid volumes trace Luther's sweeping progress in becoming the unique leader of the

*THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF MARTIN LUTHER. By Preserved Smith, Ph.D. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

MARTIN LUTHER, THE MAN AND HIS WORK. By Arthur Cushman McGiffert. Illustrated. New York: The Century Co.

revolutionary forces of the sixteenth century, viewing him in connection with the general framework and the significant tides of world-history, and showing clearly that the crashing downfall of the Roman church-power was not due to any sudden act of intolerable tyranny, but came because the gradually increasing load had reached the breaking-strain. The essential character of this period as an outburst of the democratic spirit, when the common man believed that he was at last coming into his rights, is emphasized in both. Neither of them touches on that most interesting theme, Tindale's close relation to Luther, and, accordingly, on the Lutheran elements in our English Bible—a subject for which important materials have been offered by Jacobs, Eadie, and Bishop Westcott.

Dr. Smith's work seems especially good in tracing organic developments, and in its stress of emphasis. It is absolutely free from any tinge of controversialism, the author going to the full limit of personal reticence. Dr. Smith's admirable scholarship goes to the ultimate sources and lays them open remorselessly; his extreme moderation of statement is one born of a masterful certainty of fact. He has a healthy Anglo-Saxon independence of tradition, and shows other traits which are a refreshing corrective to certain too-well-known qualities of German erudition.

The 426 pages of this inviting work are a masterpiece of condensation. Its chief merit is its directness; it is adequate, precise, unsparing, cumulative, and final; it has a frank and fearless tone which does full honor to the exacting motto of its title-page:

"Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice."

There is a rare feeling for style, or rather (in a work which offers such a mass of translated documents) for styles, which raises these difficult versions to the plane of independent creations. To the above, we must add an appreciation of the author's neat and admirably restrained wit.

Professor McGiffert's work is conceived in a broad and logical spirit, and written in a marching style which never fails to engage the interest of the reader. It is an excellent synthesis which makes Luther the embodiment of assurance in an age of doubt and fear; certain of the author's final explanations of events strike one as over-ingenious and subjective. There seems to be a somewhat timidous anxiety about giving offense to anybody.

Being a work obviously designed "not for the lërid bot for the lewed," it does not give

sources or weigh authorities, but there are many signs that the solidest foundations lie hidden below the surface. The word translated "injury" on page 104 might better be rendered "insult": Luther's Bible gets something more than its dues as an original creation. The September-Testament of 1522 is not a "large" folio (an almost perfect specimen of this first in the long line of Luther-Bibles, once belonging to Pastor Goeze of Hamburg, is one of the treasures of the Newberry Library in Chicago).

How complete a Man this Luther is, as shown in these clear pages! Those who deny the effectual influence of any individual upon the course of events should study the life of Martin Luther: he has printed clearly and almost indelibly the stamp of his virile mind upon the vast popular thinking of all the ages since his day. In these times when the deepest motives have so largely lost their hold, how satisfying it is to enter into full communion with the inmost life of one to whom, in truth, Religion is the Chief Concern! Luther was large enough to value the humanities, but all other interests faded into littleness compared with his passionate hunger and thirst after righteousness. To this supreme loyalty of his faithful soul he was every hour prepared to offer up all other goods. Nor can we fail to note, as a part of his loyal nature, his intense German nationalism, the deep love for his own people, which has had such immense influence upon the development of that people into an independent, self-conscious nation.

Luther, as shown so truly in the pages of these books, stands for all time as the champion of the integrity of personal conviction. He refused to be damned or brushed aside by any or all of those easy popular categories which classify men automatically, without inquiry into the grounds of individual action. On the heels of conviction came his ample speaking-out of the whole truth in the bluntest way, with homely proverbial vigor that hit the nail squarely on the head. If there be anything which corruption and pretence dreads, it is the naming of things by their right names; and this was Luther's clarifying service in an age of tyranny: he "called" the arrogance of a gigantic system of "graft." Against all blandishments and threats he put up an iron resistance; again and again in the very face of death he presented a front of absolute integrity. Little wonder that a task like this begot a life-and-death earnestness, that the dutiful monk soon made a thorough breach with humility, silence, and submission. And yet it is perhaps the chief note of Luther's greatness that he did

not harden into narrow one-sidedness; he hated sybarites, but affected no stoicism; his earnestness is offset by a liberal share of the joy of living; his forbearance is as deep as his polemic is intense; his irresistible dry irony (as in the dedication of his tract on Christian Liberty to Pope Leo X.) by no means yields the palm to that of Mark Twain.

If to our inadequately phrased tribute to this supremely great man we add that his life and influence have their seamy side, we shall merely show some understanding of the ways of human development. Much of what he called in grandiose terms "a tragedy of God and Satan" shrinks to the dimensions of a rather sorry puppet-play, when set upon the stage of universal history. His perfervid Christianity made him unjust toward "heathen" culture (notably in his hatred of Aristotle), and over-serious in his attitude toward the Fathers. His crass indecency of language, common to the age, is more pardonable than his vulgar concession: "Our burning desires cannot be restrained"; "chastity is not in our power"—a begging of the whole question which has much to answer for in all later times. His crude superstition is very unlovely; so is his narrow intolerance of religious variation, more particularly his pig-headed ugliness toward the good Zwingli. His occasional defence and practice of lying are not ingratiating, neither can we admire a faith which is ready to swallow "damnable injustice and iniquity on God's part." When we add that this rock of steadfastness on one or two occasions exhibited a humble and humiliating tergiversation, we say nothing worse than that our hero was made of true human stuff.

The forever fatal and costly error of Luther lay in his easy substitution of an inerrant "Word of God" for infallible popes and councils. He broke with the latter because, as he bravely put it, "they have often erred and contradicted themselves," and his failure to apply the same test to the former is still an influence which works woe upon the thinking and living of millions who follow after. The "plain text" which "cannot be wrenched by argument" had for him a fatal finality in paralyzing judgment and stultifying wisdom in the presence of the Bible, that venerable and perilous collection of scriptures. He accepted and based important arguments upon the most childlike biblical fables, and not merely in philosophical but also in ethical matters he was led by this method into deplorable by-ways. "Let us not try to be better than Abraham," is his sentence in discussing wedlock. One almost weeps in thinking of the working-time which

Luther spent in seriously arguing the binding authority of the saying, "Thou art Peter." He took the Scriptures as a unit, and a simple "God said" was the end of reasoning. Even the fixed lodestar of Luther's complete theological system, "The just shall live by faith," derives from that minimal member of the whole guild of minor prophets, Habakkuk. The worst flaw in Luther's integrity lies in the fact that he joined to this servile bibliolatry a twisting of Scripture-texts, which stultified his attacks upon Catholic practices, and a fierce higher criticism which discounted even the Fourth Commandment. He debased the currency of mind by a desperate attempt violently to reconcile obvious verbal statements with modern ethical demands. "We must not trifle with the articles of faith so long and unanimously held by Christendom," he exclaims; but this canon proved itself sadly unhelpful when he applied it against the New Astronomy, for example.

"I was instructed," writes Luther in telling of his interview with Cardinal Cajetan near the beginning of his public career, "that to teach the truth is the same as to disturb the Church." The Cardinal was right; and the burning question remains, whether, after all, such an upheaval is worth the cost. Must the consolations of religion be guarded by ignoring truth? Smug or timid souls who identify their fixed Christianities with absolute virtue and the stability of the social framework, will answer that new unblended light must be ruinous to weak human eyes. Luther sublimely staked all values upon the cause of unqualified truth, and the violence and horrors which followed his protest were not too high a price. Instead of wrecking the imagined pillars which prop up a pretended shallow and solid firmament, he disclosed starry heavens of infinite depth and glory, whose radiant orbs swing and sing in pure spaces, far remote from man's officious solitudes as to their upholding. If a "protestant" be by historical derivation one who resists the fettering of the human mind and the shutting of those doors of freedom which lead to an expansion of the rigid Faith of Our Fathers, and to a going on toward a better philosophy and religion, let every true man glory in this name. Let us bear in mind, above all, that it is not the final value of Luther's doctrines which makes us forever his debtors, but the heartening example which he sets of that supreme courage which dares to challenge, heartily and full of a higher faith, "the deliberate, ancient, almost universal opinion of mankind."

JAMES TAFT HATFIELD.

"THE SEASONS" OF A LATER THOMSON.*

To the professional biologist, very little of the output of the professional "nature" writer is of any particular interest. This is in part due to a perfectly natural and human desire on the biologist's part to take his fiction and his science each neat. But more particularly it is due to the fact that generally the "nature" writer only deals with those aspects of living things which the biologist knows to be, on the whole, the least interesting. Wonderful as the pageant of the living world is in all its myriad charms of color, form, birth, and growth, it is only as we seek, and in some measure find, the meaning of it all, the guiding principles which underlie it, that real interest takes the place of kaleidoscopic wonderment. Here is where much "nature-writing" and "nature-study" fail. Only once in a very great while will the philosophic insight of the trained biologist be found coupled in one person with the freshness of vision, *naïve* sympathy and literary skill of the artist.

That such a combination, if rare, is still possible, is evidenced by Professor J. Arthur Thomson's "Biology of the Seasons." The popular writings of its author on biological subjects have for a long time occupied a leading place among works of this class in the English language. But the present book, considered as a piece of literature, quite overshadows in excellence all of his earlier work. Writing in the preface of what a biological account of the seasonal pageant should be, he says: "The ideal would be to study the organismal drama of the year with the sympathetic feeling of the old naturalists, such as Gilbert White, with Darwin's dominant sense of correlation and evolution, and with Spencer's grasp of the Unity of Science." He modestly disclaims having got very far on toward this high and right ideal, but actually the book measurably approaches it.

"The Biology of the Seasons" is not a naturalist's diary or commonplace book. It does not attempt to catalogue the doings of the living things at any particular spot throughout the year. On the contrary it is a delightful series of essays on evolution, for which the varying events and the changing population of the seasons furnish the texts. "Caterpillars," "Spring Flowers," "The Courtship of Birds," "The Ephemerides," "The Palolo-worm," "The White Winter Coat," all these, and many other matters, are so dealt with as to bring out clearly

*THE BIOLOGY OF THE SEASONS. By J. Arthur Thomson. Illustrated by William Smith. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

their relation to, and exemplification of, general principles of evolutionary biology. This is done in the least didactic of ways; indeed, many a casual reader will pursue his interested way to the last page without ever realizing that this is one of the best books on Evolution that has yet been written,—just as a teacher whom I know regularly puts his elementary classes through nearly the whole of the differential calculus without ever mentioning that dread name, or otherwise letting the students know how basely they are being imposed upon. Only a great teacher can do this, whether the subject be biology or mathematics.

Each of the four parts is opened with an "impressionistic sketch" of the season with which the part has to do. Spring is the time of new things; Summer the time when the "fires of life burn brightest"; Autumn is the "year's curfew and its vespers"; and Winter the time of sleep and death. These characterizations are clever, and show literary skill as well as philosophic grasp. Thus it is said of Spring:

"It is the time of giving birth to new lives. It is the time when new lives, begun long since, indeed begin to be. In all these young lives there is what is new; no one of them is quite like its parents, but each carries with it the promise of better or worse; in the phrase of the biologists, this is the time of variations. It may be, indeed, that the newness is simply that what was of evil in the parents has been forgiven in their children, which is cause for rejoicing; but sometimes it is that the little child—be it human or water-baby—really leads the race, as was said long ago. It may be, of course—there's the rub—that the promise is never fulfilled, for the playful lamb which we all so much admire grows into a very stolid sheep, (man has such a way of making young things stupid); the very active-minded chick becomes a most matter-of-fact hen; the 'promising' young anthropoid becomes a careworn, *abrupt*, and rather cross-grained, elderly ape. Need we point the moral? The fact—at once hopeful and tragic—is that the young life is often ahead of its race. If the promise be fulfilled, then the world makes progress, and that is Spring."

Again, after characterizing Winter as the season of death and elimination by natural selection, the discussion is turned to races which have become extinct in the history of the world. The conclusion is:

"Thus from the elimination now observable around us in this wintry season our thoughts naturally pass to the great world-wide process, continuous since life began, which embraces us also in its inexorable sifting. It does not, indeed, explain us, nor the organisms we know, any more than the pruning-hook explains the tree; but given life and growth, we cannot understand our history or that of living creatures apart from elimination. In short we need our Winter to explain Summer, and this perhaps is the only consolation which the biologist can suggest to the discontented, that the alternation of Summer and

Winter is part of the mechanism which has made the history of the world a progressive development."

The limitations to quoting from the book are imposed by the space to be had in a review, and not by availability of material. The book is ornamented, though not illustrated as is stated on the title-page to be the case, by twelve color prints from paintings by William Smith, some of which are excellent. The book is adequately indexed. It is a notable contribution to the literature of living Nature. Its place on the book-shelf is between "The Natural History of Selborne" and Thoreau's "Walden," on the one side, and "The Origin of Species" on the other side.

RAYMOND PEARL.

HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS.

II.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

The very aroma of the Orient exhales from the pages of Professor A. V. Williams Jackson's fine volume, "From Constantinople to the Home of Omar Khayyám: Travels in Transcaucasia and Northern Persia for Historic and Literary Research" (Macmillan). The cordial reception given to his "Persia, Past and Present" has encouraged the author, he says, "to describe the first half of two subsequent journeys made through northern Iran, Transcaucasia, and Turkistan in 1907 and 1908 for the purpose of scholarly research." The present volume describes the journey along the Black Sea and into Russian Asia; a companion volume, to appear later, will cover the territory traversed beyond the Caspian and into the heart of Asia. Nothing is either too ancient or too modern to engage the attention of the learned traveller. Oil-wells and pre-historic ruins are alike, though in varying degrees, objects of interest to him. More than two hundred illustrations from photographs besprinkle the book, which has also a beautiful colored frontispiece view of the tomb of Omar Khayyám and a folding map, with occasional smaller charts and an index. The handsome cover design repeats the frontispiece, which is again reproduced on the wrapper. Decidedly, the book is intended to perpetuate the memory of him who lies buried near Nishapur.

What the French have accomplished in making a considerable portion of northern Africa a desirable region for motor-tourists, and how much is still left in its primitive condition, may be agreeably learned from Mrs. Emma Burbank Ayer's volume of travel sketches, "A Motor Flight through Algeria and Tunisia" (McClurg). Her husband accompanied her, and an expert chauffeur ran the car. Of course a camera—two, in fact—formed an indispensable part of their luggage, and the writer also claimed as a portion of her equipment "perfect health, boundless

enthusiasm, and a modest knowledge of French." Four hundred and more pages of travel incident and description, of dialogue and various sorts of toward and untoward happenings, all most copiously illustrated with views taken on the way and exhibiting both the nature of the country, its buildings, its flocks and fields, and its inhabitants, furnish the reader with entertainment for more than one evening, and with not a few bits of new knowledge; for it was no main travelled road that these tourists chose in invading Africa with their petroleum car. Nevertheless, the roads travelled by them were found to be surprisingly good, extending to all parts of both hill country and plain. The volume is indexed, provided with a map, and decoratively bound in neat and serviceable buckram.

Having described in a former work the chief cities of Umbria, Mr. Edward Hutton now invites our sympathetic interest in those of Venetia, chief among which, of course, is the Bride of the Adriatic. More than half of his book, in fact, on "Venice and Venetia," is devoted to the charms of Venice, whose art and architecture, legends and traditions, might easily have monopolized the entire volume. But Treviso and Bassano, Padua and Vicenza and Verona, and other places of interest, are visited in turn and made to yield their portion of story and description for the reader's entertainment. One of the closing chapters, entitled "Two Poets and the Euganean Hills," has to do chiefly with Petrarch and Shelley. The writer's love of and admiration for Italy speak in all his pages, and especially at the end of the book, where he does not hesitate to refer to her people as having "created and preserved Europe and given us all that is worth having in the world, and shall yet if need be—and there will be need—secure it to us again." Fourteen delicately beautiful colored illustrations are supplied by Mr. Maxwell Armfield, and twelve other pictures from photographs are added. The compact volume is as full of excellent matter as is a nut full of meat. (Macmillan.)

Miss Anne Hollingsworth Wharton adds to her list of travel books one on the castles of France. "In Château Land" (Lippincott) describes, in the form of letters to a friend, the summer wanderings of the writer, in company with certain others occasionally referred to as Miss Cassandra, Lydia, Walter, and the children, among the romantic châteaux of fair France. A few of the chapter-headings will indicate, in some sort, the nature of the book, which agreeably mingles description with history and legend and literary association. "An Embarrassment of Châteaux" is the title of the opening chapter or letter, which is written in northern Italy, whence the party passes to Switzerland, and then into France. The city of Tours occupies another chapter, Amboise still another, Blois furnishes an excuse for some pages on Louise de la Vallière and other characters of note, while Orleans inevitably recalls the immortal Maid. Twenty-five good photo-engravings are

supplied, and the book has a typical château on its front cover. The style of the narrative is of the bright and agreeable and unlabored sort familiar to Miss Wharton's readers.

The latest book on Wordsworth is by the Reverend Eric Robertson, Vicar of St. John's, Windermere, its full title being "Wordsworth and the English Lake Country: An Introduction to a Poet's Country" (Appleton). The tone of the book is frankly topographical, an effect which is confirmed by the excellent maps which it contains. There are also forty-seven illustrations, from drawings by Mr. Arthur Tucker, R.B.A., giving interesting views of various scenes and localities included in the volume. There is also a concordance of Wordsworth's references to persons and places pictured or described. Two long and interesting letters are here published for the first time—one from Wordsworth to Lord Lonsdale, and another from Dorothy to the poet—both showing how in later years they were stung into a mood of thought far different from the aloofness to the world that reigned in early days at Dove Cottage. The book is well worth adding to any collection of Wordsworthiana.

With noteworthy additions and one judicious suppression, the sketches and fantasies making up Charles Warren Stoddard's "In the Footprints of the Padres" are now re-issued, ten years after their first appearance, by their original publisher, Mr. A. M. Robertson of San Francisco. Twenty-four illustrations, chiefly from old prints and photographs, help to restore to the eye of memory or imagination the now obliterated landmarks known to Stoddard and celebrated by his pen. His friend, Mr. Charles Phillips, supplies an Introduction, designating the editorial changes and additions to the volume, and dwelling appreciatively on a few of its and its author's more striking characteristics. For its autobiographic value, as well as for its service in preserving so much of the vanishing or vanished California of the last century, the book, especially in this enlarged and generously illustrated form, is one of more than passing note.

HOLIDAY ART BOOKS.

The latest addition to "The Connoisseurs' Library" (Putnam) is a scholarly treatise on "Illuminated Manuscripts," by Mr. J. A. Herbert of the British Museum. It is the fruit of minute and painstaking investigation that has extended to the examination of all the important manuscripts in public and private collections in Europe and America, and the voluminous literature that has grown up about them. The history of the illumination of vellum manuscripts is traced "from classical times down to the decay and virtual disuse of the art which resulted inevitably, though not immediately, from the introduction of printing." So far as existing materials allow, the development of the various styles has been followed out, though the scantiness of these materials for some sections and periods made the task a hard one. Of especial service to students of illumination for whose guidance the book has been written are the detailed accounts of Classical, Early

Christian, Byzantine, and other rare and little-known early manuscripts, most of which are difficult of access, and yet, as the author puts it, "have vital significance as marking stages in the development of the art." Mr. Herbert's point of view is that of the archaeologist and historian rather than that of the connoisseur and art critic. For example, in what he has to say about Byzantinism he is less concerned with the quality of its art than with the fact that it was the conserving force that kept the traditional composition of sacred themes intact for centuries; and he notes that early in the first half of the sixth century the iconography of scenes in the life of Christ had become settled into fixed conventions. The relations between the different styles and the influences under which the artists worked have been kept constantly in mind in writing the long series of descriptions of manuscripts that make up the volume. Only in one instance does a probable source of inspiration appear to have been overlooked. The Simeon Metaphrastes manuscript in the British Museum, says Mr. Herbert, "irresistibly reminds everyone who sees it for the first time of some Oriental pattern-work and especially of Persian carpets or enamels." Strangely enough, Mr. Herbert does not perceive the resemblance to contemporary Persian manuscripts. The chapters upon the later history of illumination are most comprehensive, though in dealing with periods when the material is superabundant the descriptions have necessarily been limited to manuscripts of unusual merit. Of technical information, the book contains virtually none. The reader who wishes to know what pigments were used, and how they were prepared and applied, must look elsewhere. Seldom is there any information given as to the size of the manuscripts described. The illustrations consist of fifty-one plates; one in color, the others in colotype. The subjects have been selected with excellent judgment, and the reproductions, though small in scale, are sharp and clear. There are ample indices and a select bibliography of works that the author has found useful.

Mr. G. Griffin Lewis's "Practical Book of Oriental Rugs" (Lippincott) does not belie its title. From cover to cover it is packed with detailed information compactly and conveniently arranged for ready reference. Many people who are interested in the beautiful fabrics of which the author treats, but have not the time or the opportunity to acquire the intimate knowledge of the rug expert, have long wished for such a book as this, and will be grateful to Mr. Lewis for writing it. The work is divided into two parts. In the first are set forth with painstaking care such things as the characteristics of the different weaves, the materials used and the differences between them, the considerations that determine value, tests of age and quality, and how the intending buyer should examine rugs. There is a serviceable chapter on the best methods of taking care of rugs, and an elaborate presentation in an alphabetical list, with brief descriptions and suggestive drawings, of the different designs used by the Oriental weavers, and also an attempt

to give the symbolic meaning of each pattern. In this the author treads upon debatable ground; but as he is not writing for students of mythology, there is little need to examine all of his statements closely. Of real worth is the chapter upon the identification of rugs. The salient points of the better-known weaves are named in the order of their importance for the purpose of assisting the student in differentiating; and in an admirably arranged table the distinguishing features of all rugs are shown. Especially useful are the descriptions, with accompanying illustrations, of the backs of all the rugs that have a distinctive weave. As every experienced person knows, the expert gets a considerable part of his information from the backs of rugs, and the inclusion of data upon this detail is essential to a comprehensive treatment of the subject. The second part of the book is devoted to descriptions of the rugs made in different localities. The student will find in these descriptions just the things he needs to know. Of course no book can supply all that is necessary to complete knowledge; that can come only through actual handling of a large number of the rugs themselves under reliable guidance. But Mr. Lewis has probably come as near as anyone can toward furnishing an efficient printed aid. The illustrations, as well as the text, are of practical value. Ten of them are in color. For the most part the rugs reproduced are not rare museum pieces, but ordinarily fine examples such as can with care and knowledge be bought to-day in the open market.

In spacious quarto form, with innumerable careful reproductions, colored and plain, "Portraits of Dante, from Giotto to Raffael," by Professor Richard Thayer Holbrook, is imported by Houghton Mifflin Co. The work, as announced on its title-page, is "a critical study, with concise iconography," and must have involved years of devoted labor and a high order of connoisseurship in Italian art and its history. The Dante portraits held in highest repute have been reduced to a common scale and displayed in twos or threes, the better to enable the reader to compare them and to determine, as far as may be, whether they are original and authentic likenesses, or mere copies or adaptations. Of course the Giotto profile of Dante, the familiar eyeless portrait, engages our chief interest; and Professor Holbrook's account of its recovery in 1840, of the leading part played by an American art lover in accomplishing this recovery, of the accident that explains the loss of the eye in the likeness, and of much else connected with the famous portrait, forms an important and very readable section of the book. Supplementing the twenty-one chapters "from Giotto to Raffael," comes appended matter of importance, including an elaborate descriptive catalogue of more than a hundred notable Dante likenesses not discussed in the body of the work, and a careful bibliography. A full index completes the volume. The appearance of so important a contribution to the study of Dante is an event of no small moment, and Professor Holbrook has made all Dante students his debtors.

The year 146 B. C., when Corinth was taken by Mummius and its accumulated art treasures either destroyed or carried to Rome, is adopted by Mr. H. B. Walters in his elaborate work on "The Art of the Romans" (Macmillan) as the natural point of division between Greek and Roman art. A former work by Mr. Walters has already traced the history of Greek art down to the subjugation of Greece by Rome, so that the present treatise forms a fitting sequel to that, and assumes in the reader a general knowledge of its contents. Beginning with a brief survey of early Roman art and its origins in Etruria, the author then takes up Roman architecture, Roman sculpture (under Augustus and later), Roman painting and mosaic, gem-engraving and metal-work, pottery and terra-cotta, and, finally, Roman art in the provinces. A brief chronological table and an index are added. The full-page plates, seventy-two in number, are from photographs. Twelve smaller illustrations are given in the text. The large-octavo size of the book is turned to good account by the illustrator, and in other respects the work is conceived and executed on a generous scale.

The French, asserts Mr. Charles H. Caffin, the eminent art critic and art historian, "have been the only race since the Italians of the Renaissance and the Greeks of antiquity to whom art in its various forms is a natural and inevitable expression of what is for the time being their attitude toward life." Appropriately, therefore, he seeks, in his "Story of French Painting" (Century Co.), to correlate the growth of that painting "with the changes in the social and political life of the nation and with the manifestations of the *esprit gaulois* in other departments of intellectual and artistic activity, particularly in that of literature." A somewhat ambitious undertaking, this, for a brief popular survey of French art; but within the limit of its two hundred and a score pages, divided chronologically into twenty chapters, the book renders excellent service to the art-loving reader interested in the general and more largely significant aspects of a nation's art. Numerous process-print illustrations, contending as best they can against the difficulties of reproducing in black and white the general features of paintings, are supplied as called for by the text; and a full index closes the volume, which in style and compass resembles the same author's "Story of Dutch Painting" and "Story of Spanish Painting."

The arts and crafts of the many peoples composing the Empire of Austria-Hungary are certainly not lacking in variety, nor do they fall short in technical excellence. "Peasant Art in Austria and Hungary" (John Lane), a profusely illustrated work edited by Mr. Charles Holme, reveals a surprising range of industry in the decorative arts as practised by the heterogeneous population of that country. No fewer than seventeen nationalities enter into the composition of Austria proper, divisible into three main groups,—the German-speaking portion, the Slavs, and the less determinate section comprising Italians, Ladines,

and Roumanians. Hungary presents greater homogeneity, but even here we have Saxons and other races as well as Magyars. Consequently, in the embroidery, bead-work, lace-making, wood-carving, pottery, rug-weaving, and other domestic arts and crafts prosecuted by the peasantry, one finds rich material for study. Different writers and specialists contribute to the descriptive chapters accompanying the various pictured specimens of this peasant art. Colored reproductions serve well to convey an idea of the picturesque folk-costumes, and of the bright beauty of the textile manufactures of the people, and of their embroideries and certain other sorts of decorative work. The volume is issued in paper covers, which many purchasers will be glad to replace with a tasteful binding in harmony with the book's contents.

HOLIDAY EDITIONS OF OLD FAVORITES.

Sympathetic interpretation of White's "Selborne" speaks in the numerous admirable colored drawings, by Mr. George Edward Collins, that greet one in a handsome and generously-dimensioned edition of the classic work now offered by the Macmillan Company. "The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne in the County of Southampton" has surely never found itself more worthily published than in this latest re-issue. A distant view of the little village where Gilbert White lived is given in the frontispiece, and a near prospect of its main street in a later picture, while skilful representations of birds and their haunts, and of other natural objects, are of frequent occurrence. The quaintness and quietness of old Selborne could hardly have been better pictured than by Mr. Collins. The fair, broad pages of the book and the wide margins are a delight to the eye, and this amplitude of dimension contributes no little to the satisfactoriness of the full-page plates. A striking contrast we have here to the earlier issues of this modest work from the pen of an obscure country parson.

The great popularity of Southey's "Life of Nelson" is attested by the forty entries of the book, in various editions, in the British Museum catalogue. At least fifty-seven printings of the book have been traced in England, and its republication in other countries has been extensive. Emphatically it is the life of the famous hero, and Mr. John Masefield does well to edit this year a fine new issue of the biography, illustrated in color by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, the eminent artist, who has himself been made the subject of a notable book of the season. His seven large colored plates illustrating events in Nelson's life are strikingly original in character. A colored portrait of Nelson, after Singleton, appears as frontispiece and also on the cover. Mr. Masefield's Introduction to the "Life" presents briefly a few important and interesting facts concerning its author, its subject, and the book itself. It is an added pleasure to read this well-tested work in so sumptuous a form.

A timely new edition of John Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens," with five hundred portraits, facsimiles, and other illustrations, all "collected,

arranged, and annotated" by Mr. B. W. Matz, is imported by the Baker & Taylor Co. An interesting preface by the editor explains his reason for refraining from adding any of the abundant later material with which a centenary edition of this famous Dickens biography might easily be enlarged. The surviving members of the family wished the original work to remain untouched. But the numerous and well-chosen illustrations make the book a new one even to those who have read it before. The text is that of Forster's revised two-volume edition, and is here also divided into two substantial octavos.

The most elaborate and splendidly ornate presentation of Tennyson's "Princess" that the season has witnessed—and there have been at least three such appearances—is that which enjoys the prestige of Mr. Howard Chandler Christy's name as illustrator, with the Bobbs-Merrill Co. as publishers. Large quarto in form, the book shows innumerable examples of Mr. Christy's well-known art, emphasis being placed, not unfittingly, on the female figures of the metrical story. The full-page plates glow with a veritably barbaric wealth of color, the marginal and other illustrations being in pen-and-ink with but occasional slight dashes of red. Three cover-designs—for book, box, and wrapper—vie with one another in richness. Not even an East-Indian princess could desire more gorgeous trappings.

The reading public's early and rather persistent obtuseness to the merits of "Lorna Doone" has long since been generously atoned for; and still the paying of this deferred debt to genius is going on, each Christmas season being pretty sure to bring forth a new edition, or at least a new printing, of the admirable Exmoor romance. The American publishers who, twenty-one years ago, played the part of "fair knights of the order of Copyright" and took Lorna under their chivalrous protection, put forth this year a very attractive edition of the novel in two small volumes, illustrated with excellent views from the region where the scene of the story is laid, and neatly boxed. Blackmore's preface to the authorized "Exmoor" edition of 1890 is given in autograph, and also in print. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

A few years ago there came from the genius of a woman who hid her identity under the pen-name of "Michael Fairless" a book of intimate reflection, "The Road-Mender," which was at once welcomed by an appreciative, if limited, group of readers. Since then, the unique quality of the book, its broad but calm outlook, combining a knowledge of the world with a will to do without much of what the world holds desirable or indispensable, has commended it to an ever-widening circle. This season brings forth a new edition from Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., in a form which aims to be worthy of the work. Colored illustrations by Mr. E. W. Waite bring to the eye the veritable roads on which the road-mender plied his trade while he reflected on the issues of life, and show us the cottage where he had his "luxuries of life," to wit, "a truckle bed, table, chair, and hugh earthenware pan." Large type and wide margins

add the finishing touch of utility as well as of beauty to this volume.

Who but the Chaucer specialist ever reads "The Romaunt of the Rose" in these days of hurry and worry and strenuous activity? Fragment though it is, the length of this beautiful version of an old French original repels many who can get through one or two of the "Canterbury Tales" very comfortably. Perhaps with the pleasing colored illustrations provided by Mr. Keith Henderson and Mr. Norman Wilkinson, in a fine edition published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., even the unpersistent reader may be beguiled into a perusal of the poem from beginning to end. Twenty of these art creations, in plates of quarto size, adorn the book. A glossary is appended. The eight-syllable verse admits of two columns on a page, in large type. No handsomer edition of the "Romaunt," it is safe to say, has ever been issued.

The beauty and the fitness of Mr. Frederick Simpson Coburn's illustrations, both colored and plain, to the new Putnam edition of "The Chimes" fully justify this presentation of Dickens's famous story in a fresh dress to mark the recurrence of the season it commemorates. In this artist's handling the familiar Dickens characters are freed from the grotesqueries and other more or less discordant peculiarities that have so often marked the illustrator's conceptions of the creatures of the great novelist's imagination. Wholly human and ingratiating, as they should be, are the Trotty Veck and the Meg and Richard, and the other old favorites delineated by Mr. Coburn's brush and pencil. Marginal decorations, a gilt and colored cover-design, and full gilt edges are also among the attractions of this tasteful gift-book.

There is an alliterative attraction in the very title of "The Pocket Parkman" (Little, Brown & Co.) that accords well with the beauty and the desirability of the twelve small and thin flexibly-bound volumes in which the historian's admirable series is now presented. The typography is of the excellence already familiar to Parkman's readers, the thin paper is perfectly opaque, and the limp morocco, stamped with a graceful design, is all that could be desired in the binding for a pocket volume. The new dress will attract new readers, and will tempt to a re-reading on the part of old ones.

Clear, open print and some well-drawn illustrations, with handsome binding and gilt top, contribute to the desirability of the handy and inexpensive edition of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" offered this year by the J. B. Lippincott Co. The bright coloring of Mr. H. M. Brock's pictures give them a festive appearance not unwelcome to some, and certainly much in vogue at present. In this instance, be it said, the appeal to the eye is not made often enough to distract attention from the ever-fresh and ever-fascinating story of the fortunes of the Primrose family.

Tennyson's "Princess" gives ample opportunity to the artist for the conception of striking and somewhat unusual effects in book-illustration. Mr. Everard Hopkins has seized this opportunity in his vivid and

appropriate colored pictures to the edition issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The brilliant hues he so lavishly uses are not exactly those of real life; but neither are the actions of the Princess and her companions. Smaller line drawings also accompany the text, which is beautifully printed on broad pages with wide margins. The cover-design is excellent.

HOLIDAY FICTION.

Admirers of Mr. Jeffery Farnol will welcome the holiday edition of his new story, "The Money Moon" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). As "Small Porges," — who breathes the ideal spirit of childhood — explains to his adopted uncle, George Bellew, a recently jilted American millionaire, the Money Moon is the particular kind of moon which shines when one goes forth to seek a fortune and finds it. In this case there is more than a fortune in money involved, for George Bellew is adopted by Porges just at the right time to enable him to save his nephew's Aunt Anthea from the clutches of a villain of the good old romantically villainous type. All these characters, and the beautiful English country in which their romance is played, are, in this edition, pictured in faithful colors, by Mr. A. I. Keller, who has fully achieved collaboration with the author by the happiness of his renderings. The story is less elaborate and more closely knit than the author's previous volume, "The Broad Highway," and will have an even wider appeal.

A tale of love, with just enough of roughness in the running of its course to prove it indubitably true love, makes the sort of reading that all the world is craving every day in the year, and not least of all at this particular season of the year. Mr. Ralph Henry Barbour's "Joyce of the Jasmines" (Lippincott) is just the story to relieve, temporarily, that hungry feeling. The book is given a holiday appearance by the excellent colored illustrations supplied by Mr. Clarence F. Underwood, who does justice to the heroine's charm and to the hero's prepossessing qualities. Marginal decorations, more varied and unconventional than are often met with, are contributed by Mr. Edward Stratton Holloway. The large, clear type (that of our early reading-books at school) would almost cure eye-strain.

After passing well beyond the hundred-thousand mark without the adventitious aid of colored pictures or decorative page-borders, "The Mistress of Shenstone" (Putnam) now comes forth thus adorned to make fresh conquests. The eight full-page plates by Mr. F. H. Townsend make vivid to the eye of sense those momentous situations which Mrs. Barclay's pen has caused to appeal so forcibly to the popular imagination; and the cover-design and other decorations of Miss Margaret Armstrong's designing are pleasing and harmonious. An ornamented box encloses this elaborate re-issue of Mrs. Barclay's second-greatest success in romantic fiction.

A brave and loyal army officer, too poor to feel that he can honorably ask any woman to be his wife, and a charmingly wilful young widow, who unhesitatingly spends her entire fortune of nearly twelve

million dollars to create a situation, stupendous in its nature and national in its scope, that makes it possible for the strictly honorable army officer to ask her to marry him, are the hero and heroine of Anne Warner's romance, "When Woman Proposes." It is all delightfully possible and just as delightfully improbable—exactly the satisfying sort of love-story to fit the festive season. But further words of praise for anything from the pen that wrote "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" and the imagination that created "Susan Clegg" are unnecessary. Colored drawings are provided by Miss Charlotte Weber Ditzler, and tasteful decorations by Mr. Theodore B. Hapgood. (Little, Brown & Co.)

"The Mahatma and the Hare" (Holt), by Mr. H. Rider Haggard, gives in a most appealing and realistic form the timid hare's views of the time-honored sport of animal-killing and animal-torture as indulged in by our British cousins. It is a "dream-story," as the title-page explains, and as the narrative itself makes clear; but it is none the less convincing for that, and may deservedly be accorded a place beside "Black Beauty" and similar animal stories with a humanitarian motive. Excellent line drawings, to the number of twelve, help to give vividness to the hare's piteous tale.

In festive dress, with spirited illustrations in color by Mr. George W. Gage, and decorations by Mr. Edward Stratton Holloway, "An Accidental Honeymoon," by Mr. David Potter, makes its enlivening appearance at this holiday season. A hero, a heroine, and a sailing yacht, with sundry complications and at last a happy ending, go to make up a tale of love that few fiction-readers could begin without wishing to continue to the end; and the publishers have done their part to make this continuing highly agreeable. The book has an ornamented cover and a slide case. (Lippincott.)

MISCELLANEOUS HOLIDAY BOOKS.

Mr. Edward Legge, the biographer of the Empress Eugénie, has produced a companion volume on "The Comedy and Tragedy of the Second Empire" (Scribner), in which, he announces in his preface, "I have endeavored to portray some aspects of the Court and of Paris Society between 1852 and 1870," the earlier work having chiefly to do with "the lives of the Imperial Family in England." Some space, however, is now devoted to the early life of both Emperor and Empress, to their first acquaintance with each other and their engagement, and to other details leading up to the important period especially covered by the book. Accuracy the writer professes to have striven for throughout, but he has also remained throughout a cordial admirer of the "Pale Emperor" as well as of his beautiful Spanish consort. Facilities for acquainting himself with the Emperor's personal traits seem not to have been lacking to him, and his chapters have an air of authority, of command of their theme, that greatly makes for their readability. A number of rather important letters too are inserted that throw light on the

matter in hand. Portraits and other illustrations are supplied in abundance, and the typography is of the best.

So well received was Mr. Henry S. Pancoast's "Standard English Poems" that he has felt encouraged to adapt his compilation to the wider demand of poetry-lovers in general, the earlier work having been meant for school and college use. Accordingly "The Vista of English Verse" makes its appearance from the same publishing house (Holt), with the trail of the schoolmaster obliterated, the notes omitted, the form of the book rendered more artistic, and the Victorian section enlarged by the insertion of several poems by recent and living writers. From early ballad verse to Mr. Alfred Noyes's "Call of the Spring" and "Unity," the volume includes a generous selection from all that is best in English poetry down to our own time. Excellent print, thin but opaque paper, full gilt edges, and a flexible cover in green and gilt, are the material features of this compact little volume of more than six hundred pages—one of the best gift-books of verse that the season has produced.

Both the head and the heart must give assent to the excellent arguments advanced in "The Feast of St. Friend," by Mr. Arnold Bennett, for the continued observance of Christmas. A decline of the Christmas spirit is noted by him (though perhaps if he observes the frightful crush of Christmas shoppers in our cities at this season he will change his mind), and he writes to revive the good old customs of Yuletide. To make these customs something more than formal, however, he would have us throughout the year cultivate a spirit of friendship, a sympathetic interest in those about us, that shall make the annual festival a natural and spontaneous expression of our good-will. Although, to the pessimist in us all, to breathe is to suffer, and to think is to mourn, and he alone is blest who ne'er was born, yet the opposite view of life has kept the world going for countless centuries and will keep it going for countless more; and the sane optimism and human kindness of such books as "The Feast of St. Friend" will aid the forward movement. (George H. Doran Co.)

From the sun-dial and the clepsydra to the Waltham or the Elgin watch and the new mammoth clock in the tower of the Metropolitan Life Building in New York is a long stretch, which, however, Mrs. N. Hudson Moore's "Old Clock Book" (Stokes) covers in a general way, with particular attention, of course, to the tall timepieces that the book's title instantly summons before the mind's eye. Eli Terry and Seth Thomas and Silas Hoadley, with many another early horologist, received from Mrs. Moore the honor due to their inventiveness and skill. Not unnaturally the State associated (however unjustly) with the manufacture of wooden nutmegs is found to have led the way in American clock-making, the above-named clock-makers being all Connecticut men. But the book under notice by no means slight the achievements of English artisans in horology, the first half of the volume being devoted chiefly thereto.

Careful lists of English and American clock-makers, with an index to the book's contents, follow the reading matter, and more than a hundred illustrations are inserted. The book has distinction in its cover-design and its agreeably-tinted paper.

The glamour that surrounds a throne, in the eyes of those not compelled by a cruel destiny to sit thereon, will secure many eager readers for Mr. Kellogg Durland's "Royal Romances of To-day" (Duffield). Commissioned by a popular monthly to write a series of articles on the Empress of Russia, the Queen of Italy, and the Queen of Spain, Mr. Durland took pains to make these portraits of royalty as pleasing to the eye as was compatible with fidelity to the truth so far as he could ascertain it by personal inquiry. He visited Russia, Italy, and Spain for the express purpose of preparing these chapters on their respective queens, which are now gathered into a substantial volume, well illustrated, and in every way attractive to the general reader. Intimate details of family life, and an occasional glimpse of the family skeleton, make the narrative very real and human; and its general trustworthiness is sufficient for its purpose. The book is among the most entertaining of its kind.

An unusual and pathetic interest attaches to Mr. James Whitcomb Riley's latest long poem, a love-story entitled "When She was About Sixteen," lavishly and appropriately illustrated, with a sparing use of tint, by Mr. Howard Chandler Christy. The author, it is feared, will hardly be able to use his pen again, paralysis of the arm having overtaken him; and as he declares his inability to compose otherwise than with pen in hand, this is likely to prove his last contribution to poetry. This metrical tale of love is, in form, a small boy's rehearsal of his uncle's account of how the small boy's father wooed and won the girl of sweet sixteen who in due time became the small boy's mother. It is all in boy dialect, and hinges largely on a stern parent's determination that his daughter shall not marry the man of her choice. But love can find a way, and so all ends happily. The book, quarto in form, is ornate in the extreme, without and within, and is attractively boxed. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

Mr. Lewis Melville has chosen a taking title for his collection of eighteenth-century studies, "Some Eccentrics and a Woman," imported by James Pott & Co. The woman in question (we give her first place, though the author does not) is Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, the young, charming, and unhappily-married lady who is better known as "Sterne's Eliza," and whose celebrity under that designation her admirer hoped to make wider than that of even Swift's Stella or Waller's Sacharissa. A Platonic love Mr. Melville believes this sentiment of Sterne's to have been, and his sketch of Mrs. Draper's life, largely from unpublished letters now first drawn upon to any extent, is unobjectionable in character. Other chapters in this necessarily personal and somewhat gossip volume treat of the boon companions of him who afterward became King George the Fourth, of some dandies of the Regency, of Dr. John Wolcot ("Peter

Pindar"), of the "Demoniacs," of the author of "Vathek," of the brilliant Charles James Fox, and of the versatile Philip, Duke of Wharton—good reading a-plenty for admirers of the later eighteenth century, and well illustrated with portraits.

Scarcely four months have passed since the lamented death, in the young prime of her years, of Mrs. Myrtle Reed McCullough; yet already a careful hand has compiled a "Myrtle Reed Year Book" (Putnam) which will please her old friends and win new ones. Miss Jeannette L. Gilder contributes a short preface, and Miss Mary Badollet Powell a biographical sketch with some critical appreciation of Myrtle Reed's writings. The books of prose and verse, sixteen in number, from which the calendar selections are drawn, have no lack of pithy, epigrammatic, and often homely sayings, such as, "Fame is a laurel wreath laid upon a tomb," "Pedestals are always lonely," "When Gossip takes snuff, Friendship sneezes," and "A good forgettery is a happier possession than a good memory." The book is beautifully made and has a frontispiece portrait of her whose wide popularity it is likely still further to enlarge.

To find sententious passages in Mr. Henry James's books to furnish a quotation for every day in the year, and thus to put together a "Henry James Year Book," has been the joyfully-assumed labor of literary love undertaken by Miss Evelyn Garnault Smalley with the cordial approval of the distinguished novelist himself, as expressed in a preface, and to the equally hearty satisfaction of the novelist's friend Mr. Howells, as manifested in a second part of the same preface. Among these three hundred and sixty-six specimens of Mr. James's felicities of thought and expression, it is no surprise to find few or none of apothegmatic brevity. Some, indeed, fill each an entire page, which makes the book all the more faithfully illustrative of his style. The selections, admirably characteristic and wisely chosen, have of course no reference to the calendar dates above them, nor do they even attempt a chronological order in respect to their source. The work quoted and its date of publication are given with every passage, and blank spaces are liberally provided for manuscript additions. (Badger.)

No one could be better qualified in several important respects to sketch briefly and sympathetically the life of Robert Louis Stevenson than Mrs. Isobel Strong. A volume of eighty-seven pages presents in a few agreeable and stimulating chapters ("The Child," "The Youth," "The Man," "The Writer," etc.), the phases of Stevenson's mercurial personality that most appeal to our curiosity. When it is added, in further description of the little book, that Stevenson the writer is disposed of in eight pages, and Stevenson the poet in six, it will be seen that this is no exhaustive and critical biography, but rather a Stevenson primer for younger readers; and as such it is to be commended. It bears the simple title, "Robert Louis Stevenson," and is issued by that author's American publishers,

the Scribners. His portrait and a view showing him dictating to Mrs. Strong in the library at Vailima are given in the book.

"The Best English and Scottish Ballads," selected by Mr. Edward A. Bryant, is issued by the Thomas Y. Crowell Co. The text of the ballads adopted by the editor is in general that of the Percy Folio MS., as edited by Hales and Furnivall; but "a few changes in the way of omissions of too broad verses and toning down of coarse phrases, with due care not to change the sense, have been made." The dedication is, appropriately, "to the memory of Francis James Child." The book runs to three hundred and seventy-five pages, with glossary and index, and has a frontispiece illustration to "The Nut-Brown Maid."

"The Twelve Best Tales by English Writers," selected by Mr. Adam L. Gowans, forms a companion volume to "The Best English and Scottish Ballads" issued by the T. Y. Crowell Co. The twelve tales should strictly be called "British" rather than "English," since they include stories by Scott, James Hogg, Dr. John Brown, and Robert Louis Stevenson. The English writers represented are Dickens, Thackeray, and Mrs. Gaskell, — a minority, in fact. Designation of the particular work drawn upon in each instance would have been not out of place; but no such bibliographical finger-posts appear, except one or two in the Preface. The selections themselves are good, and they are preceded by a portrait of Sir Walter and the above-mentioned preface.

Negro verse, like negro music, has a nameless charm of its own. Among the best of the good old-fashioned "darky" songs and jingles are those contained in "Ben King's Southland Melodies" (Forbes & Co.), illustrated from photographs of negro characters and scenes from negro life by Miss Essie Collins Matthews and Mr. Leigh Richmond Miner. A portrait of the composer himself is given as frontispiece, and the melodies number nearly two-score, all in genuine "darky" dialect, and with the most toe-tickling "darky" rhythm. The illustrations, print, binding, etc., are all in harmony.

SOME HOLIDAY BOOKLETS.

In the "Miniature Series" published by Crowell, poetry-lovers will be glad to find the daintiest of vest-pocket editions, morocco-bound and in clear type, of ten little masterpieces in verse, — Fitz-Gerald's rendering of the "Rubaiyat," Whittier's "Snowbound," Mr. Kipling's "Recessional," Gray's "Elegy," Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" and "Traveller," Poe's "Raven," Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol," and Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal." There are but seventy-five of the "Rubaiyat" in the FitzGerald booklet, instead of the hundred and one which he finally prepared; otherwise there seems to be no shortness of measure in these diminutive reprints. The page measures two and one-half by two inches, and has a not ungenerous margin. In a box only four and a quarter inches

long, the set constitutes a quite marvellous example of the *multum in parvo* wherein present-day publishers so notably excel those of an earlier time.

Anthologies of the words of the wise seem to have a perennial popularity. It would seem difficult to do anything strikingly original in this well-worked field, but Miss Marie West King has nearly accomplished the feat. In the "Recipe for a Happy Life" (Paul Elder) she has taken the short inspirational essay of that title originally written by Queen Margaret of Navarre in 1500, and added to it passages from later writers which expand the suggestions made by the Renaissance queen. The volume is elaborately decorated and bound. — A third series of the popular "Catchwords of Cheer" (McClurg) has been prepared by Mrs. Sara A. Hubbard. — Two little books of quotations, "Courage, Ambition, Resolution" and "Conduct, Health, and Good Fortune" (McClurg), in uniform red binding, come from the wide reading and careful culling of Mrs. Grace Browne Strand.

A distinctive need, among inexpensive Holiday gifts, is supplied by several small volumes which are inspired by the religious associations of the season. Among these are an allegory, "The Mansion" (Harper), dealing with a rich man's disappointment at his treatment in heaven, and a short Christmas story, "The Sad Shepherd" (Scribner), both by Dr. Henry van Dyke. The scene of the latter tale is laid in the Holy Land in the time of Christ. — "The Syrian Shepherd's Psalm" (Stokes) is a new version of the Twenty-third Psalm, illustrated in color, and with comment, by Mr. Jules Guérin, and accompanied by metrical and other old versions, with appreciations of the psalm by Spurgeon, Beecher, and W. M. Thompson. — Dr. J. R. Miller adds to his long list of similar books a short study, "Learning to Love" (Crowell). The booklet is appropriately illustrated in color. — "The Great Adventure" (Stokes), by Miss Louise Pond Jewell, is a treatment of Death by a woman who, after clear thinking and true feeling, has come to regard Death as simply the beginning of a great adventure of the soul. — Five short essays by Dr. Henry van Dyke, "The Poetry of the Psalms," "Joy and Power," "The Good Old Way," "Ships and Havens," and "The Battle of Life," have been bound separately in white paper, decorated, each one separately boxed (Crowell). — An attractive "Envelope Series" (Crowell) consists of "Young Men: Faults and Ideals," "Girls, Their Faults and Ideals," by Dr. James Russell Miller; "Ships and Havens" and "Joy and Power," by Dr. Henry van Dyke; and "Where God is there Love is Also," by Leo Tolstoy. — "The Twelfth Christmas: The Christ Child's Revelation" (Forbes) is a short idyll in dramatic form by Miss Majorie Benton Cooke. — "The Smile of the Christ Child" (Eaton & Mains) is an idyllic Christmas story by Mr. Arthur Benton Sanford.

Some appropriate little stories appear in holiday booklet form. Mrs. Mary R. S. Andrews, author of "The Perfect Tribute," has this year a story of a

college boy's fight against the odds of life, entitled "The Courage of the Commonplace" (Scribner).—"The Fourth Physician" (McClurg) is a longer story by Mr. Montgomery H. Pickett, which deals with the power of faith and love as aids to medical skill.—"The Gift of the Wise Men" (Doubleday) is reprinted from the late O. Henry's "The Four Million." The story, with its colored illustrations by Mr. C. M. Relyea, breathes the authentic spirit of Christmas.—"The Boy who Brought Christmas" (Doubleday) comprises four stories by Miss Alice Morgan, dealing with Christmas in the North Carolina mountains. In "The Peace of Solomon Valley" (McClurg), Mrs. Margaret Hill McCarter tells a story in celebration of the virtues of Kansas and Kansas people. A new edition of that perennial favorite, "The Transfiguration of Miss Philura," by Miss Florence Morse Kingsley, has been printed and illustrated in a manner worthy of the book's previous popularity (Funk & Wagnalls).

Another group of these Christmas booklets represents those in which the element of humor has a leading place. In "The Lyrics of Eliza" (Century Co.), interpreted by Mr. D. K. Stevens, the humor is largely at the reader's expense, as Eliza is a rather hypocritical house-cat. From aristocratic cat verses, we come to some more plebeian but no less humorous "Vegetable Verselets" (Lippincott), written and illustrated by Miss Margaret G. Hays and Miss Grace Wiederseim.—"Pickaninny Namesakes" (F. F. Sherman) is an alphabet of verses and pictures, exhibiting the old-time Southern negro child, written and illustrated by Mrs. Eloise Lee Sherman.—"Abe Martin's Almanack" (Doubleday) is also the work of an author who can both write and illustrate. In its pages "Kin" Hubbard, known far and wide by his Indiana character, "Abe Martin," takes us through the year with Abe and a few other Indiana rural folk.—"Square Beasts and Curved" (Paul Elder) are just what their name implies. Dr. George A. Harker both draws them with facile pencil and explains their curves and angles in short couplets.—"The Song of the Evening Stars" (Badger) has to do not with the skies, but with the stage. Miss Anna Matthewson writes verses and limericks satirizing the Stars, their managers, and their parts, and Senor Enrico Caruso accompanies her with the cartoonist's pencil, which he wields with respectable ability.

Some of the most attractive of the holiday booklets (like interesting people) fit into no particular category. "Legends of Long Ago" (Abbey Company), a translation from the German classic of Gottfried Keller, by Mr. Charles Hart Handschim, is a case in point. The six stories here given represent Keller at his best.—"Good Things" (Paul Elder), by Miss Isabel Goodhue, tells, in the form of cookery recipes, how to obtain pleasing characteristics and disposition.—"Gotterdamernung" (Crowell) is the music-drama of Wagner retold in English verse by Mr. Oliver Huckel. The version is illustrated and prefaced by a short introduction.—

Authors in search of titles have often gone to Shakespeare, and Mr. Volney Streamer has prepared an interesting collection of "Book Titles from Shakespeare" (Mitchell Kennerley) in which he lists for us the authors, the books, and the particular lines they used for their purpose. Two of the smaller holiday books are for the lover of charades. "Broken Words" (Houghton) is by the veteran charadist, Mr. William Bellamy; and "Charades" (Little, Brown) is modestly attributed to "An Idle Man." Both booklets hold forth rich promise of mystification.—"Trees and Men," by Dr. William Valentine Kelley, endeavors to extract not commercial but spiritual values out of the trees of the forest or lawn. A similar service for books is done by Dr. Lynn Harold Hough in "The Lure of Books" (Eaton & Mains). That some prayers are fitted for outdoor appreciation is the idea of Dr. George A. Miller, who gives a selection of such aspirations in "Some Outdoor Prayers" (Crowell).—"From the Heights" is the title under which Mr. John Wesley Carter gives some homœopathic doses of inspiration and corrective to our too hurried living (McClurg).—A number of pleasing sonnets grouped under the title "To Mother" come from Miss Marjorie Benton Cooke (Forbes & Co.).—"What of the Merry Christmas?" and "What of the Happy New Year?" (Duffield) are companion volumes of a thought-provoking nature, by Mrs. Jane Ellis Joy. The "Little Uplifts" of Mr. Humphrey J. Desmond, (McClurg), will appeal to all who are willing to take inspirational advice to the end that they may lead happier and saner lives.—Mr. James Terry White's "For Lovers and Others: A Book of Roses" is reissued in a prettily decorated author's edition (Stokes).

NOTES.

"A Guide to the Philosophy of Henri Bergson," by Mr. A. D. Lindsay, is soon to be issued by the George H. Doran Co.

"The Eagle's Bride," a new bird-poem, by the Rev. O. C. Auringer, is issued in holiday form by the W. R. Jenkins Co., New York.

A volume of poems entitled "Discords," by Mr. Donald Evans, is announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Brown Brothers of Philadelphia.

"Idas and Marpessa: An Idyll of Constancy," by Mr. H. V. Sutherland, is to be published early in the coming year by Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald of New York.

The growing reputation of Mr. John Galsworthy in this country has led his American publishers, Messrs. Scribner, to issue an interesting pamphlet sketch of Mr. Galsworthy's life and work, with a portrait.

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell will deliver the William Bellden Noble lectures for 1911-12 at Harvard University. His general subject will be "The Adventure of Life." His lectures are to be published in book form by Houghton Mifflin Co. next Spring.

The three lectures which John Fiske prepared for an English audience in 1880, and which were afterwards published under the title of "American Political Ideas," are too valuable to lose sight of, and we welcome the

new edition sent us by the Houghton Mifflin Co., to which has been added "The Story of a New England Town" (Middletown), written twenty years later. Mr. John Spencer Clark has contributed a lengthy and interesting introduction to the volume.

"The Autograph," a periodical devoted to the interests of autograph and historical collectors, has recently been started by Mr. P. F. Madigan of New York. The contents consist, for the most part, of hitherto unpublished letters by famous writers.

The authorized biography of the late Dr. Arthur T. Pierson is being written by his son, Mr. Delevan Leonard Pierson, for twenty years co-editor with his father of the "Missionary Review of the World." The biography is to be published as early as possible in 1912 by the Baker & Taylor Co.

A volume by the distinguished lawyer and writer, William Allen Butler, is announced by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. It is called "A Retrospect of Forty Years, 1825-1865," and is edited by the author's daughter, Harriet Allen Butler. The volume not only gives an interesting and unassuming narrative of the author's career, but embodies also a succinct account of the growth of the anti-slavery sentiment in this country and of other important developments, political and social, during the period covered.

The "pocket edition" of Tolstoy, published by Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., gives us in fourteen volumes practically the whole of the author's work. There are really twenty-two volumes bound in the fourteen, all printed upon thin paper, and of easily pocketable dimensions. Six of the volumes are filled by the three great novels, "Childhood, Boyhood, Youth" fills another, and the remaining seven give us two or three works each, including the dramas, the short stories, the religious tracts, and "What is Art?" The translations are by various hands, and have been published in earlier editions. Each volume has a frontispiece.

From Buffalo, N. Y., comes the first number of "The Civic Forum," a bi-monthly magazine devoted to the free discussion of "political, social, and moral ideals." The courts, in relation to popular government, the President, and Congress, are among the matters discussed in this initial number. The issues dealt with in a magazine of this character are serious ones, and as a rule do not need the adventitious aid of illustrations in their presentment. This remark is called forth by the fact that the pen-and-ink drawings which accompany a piece of sociological fiction-writing in this number are far from adding to the dignity of a magazine which claims to have ideals.

The series on "Modern American Library Economy" edited by Mr. John Cotton Dana and based on the practice of the library under his charge (that of Newark, N. J.) is now about half completed, the latest of the pamphlet sections to appear being the fifth of part five, entitled "Work with Schools: School Libraries." Miss Grace Thompson, of the school department of the Newark Free Public Library, writes the pamphlet in collaboration with Mr. Dana. A strong plea is made for the full all-the-year-round use of public school buildings for public purposes, the branch library being one of the subordinate departments that it might advantageously shelter. Every detail of the care and use of school libraries is carefully explained, with accompanying illustrative cuts and one full-page photo-engraving. (Elm Tree Press, Woodstock, Vt.)

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 64 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

- The Life of John Ruskin.** By Edward Tyas Cook. In 2 volumes, with photogravure portraits, 8vo. Macmillan Co. \$7. net.
- My Story.** By Tom L. Johnson; edited by Elizabeth J. Hauser. Illustrated, 8vo, 326 pages. B. W. Huebsch. \$2. net.
- Recollections of an Officer of Napoleon's Army.** Translated from the French of Captain Elzéar Blaze by E. Jules Méras. Illustrated, 12mo, 280 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. \$1.50 net.

HISTORY.

- The Truth about Chickamauga.** By Archibald Gracie. Illustrated, large 8vo, 494 pages. Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$4. net.
- The Cambridge Medieval History.** Planned by J. B. Bury; edited by H. M. G. Watkin and J. P. Whitney. Volume I: The Christian Roman Empire and the Foundation of the Teutonic Kingdoms. With maps, large 8vo, 776 pages. Macmillan Co. \$5. net.
- A History of the Peninsular War.** By Charles Oman. Volume IV., December, 1810—December, 1811. Illustrated, 8vo, 678 pages. Oxford University Press. \$4.75 net.
- The Expedition of the Donner Party, and Its Tragical Fate.** By Eliza P. Donner-Houghton. Illustrated, 8vo, 396 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2. net.
- The Greek Commonwealth.** Politics and Economics in Fifth-Century Athens. By Alfred E. Zimmern. With maps, 8vo, 454 pages. Oxford University Press. \$2.90 net.
- The British Consuls in the Confederacy.** By Milledge L. Bonham. 8vo, 267 pages. "Columbia University Studies in Political Science." Columbia University Press. Paper, \$2. net.
- Writings on American History.** A Bibliography of Books and Articles published in 1909. Compiled by Grace Gardner Griffin. 8vo, 301 pages. Washington: American Historical Association.
- The Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages.** By Henry Osborn Taylor. Third edition; 12mo, 417 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.75 net.

GENERAL LITERATURE

- Hail and Farewell.** By George Moore. Volume I, Ave. 12mo, 390 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.75 net.
- Some American Story Tellers.** By Frederic Taber Cooper. Illustrated. 12mo, 297 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.60 net.
- Thomas Carlyle: A Study of His Literary Apprenticeship, 1814-1831.** By William Savage Johnson. With portrait, 12mo, 142 pages. Yale University Press. \$1. net.
- The Wagner Stories: Retold from the Music-Dramas by Filson Young; with Metrical Translations of Lyrical Portions by Eric MacLagan.** With frontispiece, 8vo, 311 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50 net.
- Heinrich Heine.** By Michael Monahan. 12mo, 48 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1. net.
- The Soliloquies of Shakespeare: A Study in Technique.** By Morris LeRoy Arnold. 8vo, 187 pages. "Columbia University Lectures." New York: Lemcke & Buechner. \$1.25 net.
- Essays and Studies.** By Members of the English Association. Collected by H. C. Beeching. Volume II, 8vo, 182 pages. Oxford University Press. \$1.75 net.
- Poets and Poetry: Being Articles Reprinted from the Literary Supplement of "The Times."** By John Bailey. 8vo, 217 pages. Oxford University Press. \$1.75 net.

FICTION.

- A Likely Story.** By William De Morgan. With portrait. 12mo, 370 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.35 net.

The Fool in Christ: Emmanuel Quint. Translated from the German of Gerhart Hauptmann by Thomas Seltzer. 12mo, 474 pages. B. W. Huebsch. \$1.50 net.

The Indian Lily, and Other Stories. Translated from the German of Hermann Sudermann by Ludwig Lewisohn. 12mo, 327 pages. B. W. Huebsch. \$1.25 net.

World without End. By Amber Reeves. 12mo, 309 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. \$1.25 net.

The Grip of Fear. By Maurice Level. With frontispiece. 12mo, 281 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.20 net.

Rosemary for Remembrance. By Helen Sherman Griffith. Illustrated. 12mo., 327 pages. Penn Publishing Co. \$1.20 net.

Mis' Beauty. By Helen S. Woodruff; illustrated in color by the author. 12mo, 163 pages. Alice Harriman Co. \$1.20 net.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

War, and Other Essays. By William Graham Sumner; edited, with introduction, by Albert Gallows Keller. With photogravure portrait, 8vo, 417 pages. Yale University Press. \$2.25 net.

Naval Strategy: Compared and Contrasted with the Principles and Practice of Military Operations on Land. By A. T. Mahan, U. S. N. With maps, 8vo, 498 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$3.50 net.

Industrial Depression; or, Iron the Barometer of Trade. By George H. Hull. With charts, 8vo, 301 pages. F. A. Stokes Co. \$2.75 net.

The Reform of Legal Procedure. By Moorfield Storey. 12mo, 270 pages. Yale University Press. \$1.35 net.

Searchlights on Some American Industries. By James Cooke Mills. Illustrated, 8vo, 312 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.50 net.

Commission Government in American Cities. Edited by Clyde L. King. 8vo, 307 pages. Philadelphia: American Academy of Political and Social Science.

The Spirit of Social Work. By Edward T. Devine. 12mo, 242 pages. Charities Publication Committee. \$1. net.

Social Evolution and Political Theory. By Leonard T. Hobhouse. 12mo, 218 pages. Columbia University Press. \$1.50 net.

The United States Navy: A Handbook. By Henry Williams. Illustrated, 12mo, 236 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50 net.

Commission Government in American Cities. By Ernest S. Bradford. Illustrated, 12mo, 363 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

The Port of Hamburg. By Edwin J. Clapp. Illustrated. 12mo, 129 pages. Yale University Press. \$1.50 net.

The Economic Principles of Confucius and His School. By Chen Huan. In 2 volumes, 8vo. Columbia University Press. Paper, \$5. net.

The Full Recognition of Japan: Being a Detailed Account of the Economic Progress of the Japanese Empire to 1911. By Robert P. Porter. With colored maps, 8vo, 801 pages. Oxford University Press. \$4. net.

The American Woman and Her Home. By Mrs. Newell Dwight Hillis. 12mo, 186 pages. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1. net.

ART.

Art and Environment. By Lisle March Phillips. With frontispiece, 8vo, 357 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$2. net.

Art, Artists, and Landscape Painting. By William J. Laidlay. Illustrated, 8vo, 317 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.75 net.

Sculpture in Spain. By Albert E. Calvert. Illustrated. 12mo. "Spanish Series." John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.

HOLIDAY GIFT BOOKS.

The Comedy and Tragedy of the Second Empire: Paris Society in the Sixties, including Letters of Napoleon III, etc. By Edward Legge. Illustrated, 8vo, 438 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Princess. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson; with drawings in color, etc., by Howard Chandler Christy. 4to. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$3. net.

The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne. By Gilbert White; illustrated in color by George Edward Collins. 8vo, 486 pages. Macmillan Co. \$4. net.

A Princess of Adventure: Marie Caroline, Duchesse de Berry. By H. Noel Williams. Illustrated in photogravure, etc. 8vo, 413 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Venice and Venetia. By Edward Hutton; illustrated in color, etc., by Maxfield Armfield. 12mo, 334 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2. net.

In Chateau Land. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. Illustrated, 12mo, 390 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2. net.

The Old Clock Book. By N. Hudson Moore. Illustrated, 8vo, 350 pages. F. A. Stokes Co. \$2.40 net.

Abe Martin's Almanack. By Kin Hubbard; illustrated by the author. 16mo, Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1. net.

The Lure of Books. By Lynn Harold Hough. Printed in two colors, 18mo, 24 pages. Eaton & Mains. Paper, 25 cts. net.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

The Boys' Book of Warships. By J. R. Howden. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, 314 pages. F. A. Stokes Co. \$2.

The Italian Fairy Book. By Anne MacDowell. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, 415 pages. F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.

The Talking Beasts: A Book of Fable Wisdom. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. Illustrated in color. 12mo, 413 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25 net.

The Castaways of Pete's Patch: A Sequel to "The Adopting of Rosa Marie." By Carroll Watson Rankin. Illustrated, 12mo, 290 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25 net.

The Singing Circle: A Picture Book of Action Songs, other Songs and Dances. Arranged by Lady Bell; illustrated in color by Hilda Broughton. 4to, 88 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25 net.

Wild Animals Every Child Should Know. By Julia Ellen Rogers. Illustrated, 12mo, 412 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.20 net.

Mother Goose Rhymes. Edited by Clifton Johnson; illustrated by Machan Knowles, 8vo, 208 pages. Baker & Taylor Co. \$1.25 net.

The Boy With the U. S. Census. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Illustrated, 8vo, 366 pages. Lothrop Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.50.

Captain Polly: An Annapolis Co-Ed. By Gabrielle E. Jackson. Illustrated, 8vo, 350 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25.

The Young Crusaders: The Story of a Boys' Camp. By George P. Atwater. Illustrated, 12mo, 304 pages. Akron, Ohio: Parish Publishers. Boxed, \$1.25.

Who-Was-It? Stories. By Julia H. Johnston; with preface by Clara E. Laughlin. Illustrated, 12mo, 129 pages. Richard G. Badger, 50 cts. net.

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